

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 899.—24 August, 1861.

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THE UPRISING.

LONG has the People's might,
Patient in conscious right,
Shunning the woful fight,
Brother 'gainst brother,
Held back from conflict still,
Loth kindred blood to spill,
Minding the old good-will
We've borne each other.

But now far through the land,
Kindled by passion's brand,
Fed by the traitor's hand,
Rebellion's flaming;
Our country's power defied,
Her flag, the nation's pride,
Trampled, and flung aside,
Her glory shaming.

Arm for the conflict, then!
Thank God there yet are men
In every mountain glen,
In every valley,
Men of true hearts, and high,
Ready to do and die,
Prompt at their country's cry
Round her to rally.

Out from the busy mart
The sons of trade up-start,
Claiming a noble part
In this day's story;
And from the half-ploughed field,
Strong arms, by labor steeled,
Come forth, our country's shield,
Our country's glory.

Stay not for work begun;
Before to-morrow's sun,
Home, and each dearest one
With full heart leaving;—
Give us three hearty cheers!
Mothers, keep back your tears,
No time for idle fears,
No time for grieving.

God! for our country's right
Arm us with holy might,
In all the nations' sight
Our cause sustaining;
Let us unshaken stand,
Give victory to our hand,
Forever to this land
Freedom maintaining!

April, 1861.

SUMMER LILIES.

1861.

SERENEST Lilies, with your breath of balm!
I shudder in your presence white and calm,—
I cannot bear your softly-chanted psalm.

Too calm are ye, too saintly pure to share
Our passionate longings and our torturing care,
While battle-tumults haunt the summer air.

Ye are not of these mad, unquiet days;
No Lilies should have bloomed in garden ways,
Beneath this summer's fierce and fervid blaze!

But *Lychnis* and *Lobelias*, bloody-red,
And *Laurels*, for our victor's brows, instead,
And *Rosemary*, to strow our heroes dead!

And *Cresses* cool, to slake the battle's thirst,
And flaming *Roses*, crimson-stained, that burst
'Mid thorns to pierce the fostering hand that
nursed.

Oh! what have we to do with flowery ease,
With roseate visions, or with lilyed peace,
In the stern presence of such days as these!

Dear Lilies, not less dear because ye pain.
With your sweet quiet, restless heart and brain,
God did not make you beautiful in vain.

O blossoms, fair beyond the sculptor's art,
Ye shall not wither in my sight apart,
But blessings bear to many a weary heart!

Go, fairest! watch the sick, till morn arise,
And the poor soldier dreams, the while he lies
In thy sweet care, of his dear mother's eyes.

And thou, white Silence! pure embodied calm!
Unfold, this Sabbath noon, thy snowy palm,
And chant in poet-ears thy sweetest psalm.

Unworthy, I your loveliness resign;
Go, messengers of Infinite Peace divine,
And minister to holier hearts than mine!

By weary sick-beds lift your brows of light,
By darkened hearth-stones make the day grow
bright,

And fill with dreams of peace the summer night!
Albany, July 27. L. E. P.

THE RAINBOW.

FATHER of all! thou dost not hide thy bond
As one that would disclaim it. On the cloud,
Or springing fount, or torrent's misty shroud
Lord of the waters! are thy tokens found:
Thy promise lives about the ambient air,
And, ever ready, at a moment's call,
Reports itself in colors fresh and fair:
And, where St. Lawrence rushes to his fall,
All-watchful, thou dost tend his angry breath,
Infusing it with rainbows! One and all
The floods of this green earth attest thy faith,
The cloud, the fount, and torrent's watery wall;
And, badged with sweet remembrancers, they

say,
"My word, once given, shall never pass away."

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

From The Edinburgh Review.

Die Gräfin von Albany. Von Alfred von Reumont. Two volumes. Berlin: 1860.

SOME forty years since, the sister of an Irish peeress astonished a party of English at Florence, by announcing that she had been to see the house in which Ariosto lived with the Countess of Albany, widow of Charles the First. She meant the house in which Alfieri lived with the Countess after the death of her husband, Charles Edward, popularly known as the Pretender.* It is to be feared that the name of the Countess of Albany, although it may not again mislead to this extent, will recall few clear or definite impressions to the mass of the reading public. Yet that name is imperishably blended with the royalty of race and the prouder royalty of genius,—with the expiring glories of an illustrious house, and with the rising glories of an author, who, thanks to Ristori, has at length obtained, in European estimation, the place which the most discriminating of his countrymen were prepared from the first to claim for him.

In allusion to the monument in Santa Croce and the many spots in Florence associated with their history, M. de Reumont exclaims: "Thus in the capital in Tuscany are united the names and memories of a descendant of the most unfortunate kingly line of modern times, of a German princess, and an Italian poet." It will not be this accomplished writer's fault if their union ever again fails to attract attention. The object of his book is to make the German princess not only the connecting link between the exiled prince and the poet, but the central figure of a group, or rather of several successive groups, of learned and accomplished persons more or less known to fame. These in turn serve as an apology for introducing sketches of Italian society at different epochs, interspersed with remarks on manners and criticisms on art. M. de Reumont was many years Prussian Minister at Florence; he is the author of a valuable work, in six volumes, entitled "Contributions to Italian History;" he is full of overflowing of antiquarian, artistic, and archi-

* This story is rather diffusely told in "The Idler in Italy" (vol. ii. p. 146), by the Countess of Blessington, who, in the very act of triumphing over her countrywoman, falls into the not less palpable mistake of calling the Countess the widow of James Stuart, the Chevalier St. George.

tectural lore; and he pours out his stores whenever he can find or simulate an opportunity, without mercy or restraint. This is the most exhaustive and also the most conscientiously written book we ever remember to have read. Indeed, its excessive conscientiousness is its fault. There is no denying that, if we wish to convey a complete image and perfectly just estimate of a man and woman, every thing that contributes directly or indirectly to the formation of their characters falls strictly within the province of the biographer. But a line of demarcation must be drawn somewhere. In the speech assigned to David Hartley in "Anticipation," he is made to argue that the right of Great Britain to tax a colony depends upon the constitution of colonies in general; that colonies cannot be considered without reference to mother countries, nor mother countries without reference to the partition and population of the world. By an analogous train of reasoning, M. de Reumont insists on tracing the influence perceptibly or imperceptibly exercised on Charles Edward by his paternal and maternal connections in the ascending line to the third or fourth degree, as well as by his father, mother, brother, and mistress, singly or conjointly; and the result is that we are not introduced to the lady whose name exclusively occupies the title-page, till we arrive at the third chapter and 133d page of the book.

Foreign readers, however, who are less conversant with the errors and misfortunes of the Stuarts, may not be sorry to learn more of the last of them; and it must be admitted that the illustrative traits and incidents brought together by the author are extremely well chosen and well adapted to his purpose.* But we could not find room for many of them without excluding newer matter; and we pass at once to the marriage of the Chevalier St. George in 1718 with Marie Clementine Sobieski, the granddaugh-

* The most interesting and curious of the anecdotes relating to the Stuarts in Italy are taken from "The Decline of the Last Stuarts." Extracts from the Despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State. Printed for the Roxburghe Club by Lord Mahon. London: 1843." M. de Reumont's work is appropriately dedicated to "Anna Cæcilia, Countess of Bernstorff, the German woman who in the society of England represents her native country with grace, tact, and kindness; who, in a similar position in Italy, has left a willingly cherished remembrance."

ter of the heroic king of Poland. Amongst the valuables which formed part of her dowry, were the rubies of the Polish crown, now in the treasury of St. Peter's; the golden shield, presented by the Emperor Leopold to the deliverer of Vienna; and the cover, of gold brocade adorned with verses of the Koran in turquoise, in which the standard of the Prophet was kept during the siege.

The theory that men of mark are commonly more indebted to their mothers than their fathers, has been illustrated by long lists of instances; and it is a fair subject of speculation whether the transient dashes of heroism exhibited by Charles are to be set down to the credit of the Sobieski blood, or were any way owing to maternal training or encouragement. Pollnitz, indeed, says that Marie Clementine was a princess who deserved to be a queen. "Without possessing the lustre of a great beauty, she unites endless attractions in her person. She is obliging, compassionate, beneficent; her piety is deep seated, and she leads in truth the life of a saint." This was more than could be said for her husband, whose undisguised attentions to the Duchess of Inverness at length produced an open rupture, which was made up with difficulty through the intervention of Alberoni, after causing great scandal.

Charles Edward was born at Rome on the 31st December, 1720. Seven cardinals were present at his birth, and the Pope, Clement XI., caused a *Te Deum* to be sung. As he grew up, he gave decided signs of future eminence. From early childhood he was imbued with the loftiest and most aspiring notions, and his training was adapted to his assumed prospects. Very little is popularly known of him either before or after his exploits and adventures in 1745; and M. de Reumont has been at considerable pains to bring together the leading indications of his character at each of the comparatively unknown or obscure periods. His personal advantages in youth were undeniable. He was fair, like his mother, and unlike his father, who was dark. He was fond of active exercise, and devoted to field sports. He was a good rider and a good shot. But his body was not improved and strengthened at the expense of his mind; for he spoke Latin, Italian, French, and English, and was well versed in ancient and modern history. He was the observed of all observers at more

than one splendid entertainment given at Rome in honor of his family; and when he entered a ball-room, the same fluttering anxiety to secure a royal partner was visible amongst the Roman beauties as was betrayed by the American maidens during the Prince of Wales' progress through the (then) United States. But he was in no danger of degenerating into a mere carpet-knight. When he was only fourteen years old he served in the short and dashing campaign which ended (1735) in placing a Spanish Bourbon on the throne of Naples. He was on board one of the Spanish vessels employed against Gaeta, when his hat blew off into the sea. As his attendants were hurrying to recover it, he stopped them, exclaiming, "Let it go, let it go; give yourselves no trouble. One day or another I will follow the same course as this hat." The Lord Marshal Keith checked one meditated display of his military ardor which would not have added to his popularity in Great Britain. When the expedition to Scotland, projected in concert with France in 1744, was postponed, he was with difficulty prevented from placing himself under the command of Marshal Saxe, who was to have made an attempt on the English coast about the same time.

Romance has combined with history to familiarize all classes of readers in all civilized countries with the leading events of 1745. After fourteen months of chivalrous adventure he returned to France, where his reception by the people as well as by the court was enthusiastic. His undertaking, although "abortive," says M. de Reumont, "had surrounded his head as with a halo. But when he began to talk of assistance for another, the tone changed apace. During a negotiation with this view, Cardinal Tencin threw out a hint that the effective help of France might be bought by the surrender of Ireland. 'No, Monsieur le Cardinal. All or nothing; no halving (Non, Monsieur le Cardinal. Tout ou rien; point de partage).'" This recalls one of the few redeeming traits recorded of his grandfather, James II., who, when he witnessed from the shore at La Hogue the reckless intrepidity of the seamen under Rooke, cried out: "*My brave English! —My brave English!*" in entire forgetfulness that they were completing the ruin of his cause.

Scheme after scheme was formed and

thrown aside; and the sickening pang of hope deferred had been endured in all its bitterness by the exile, when a crushing blow fell upon him. It was made a condition in the Treaty of Peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, that Charles Edward should be expelled from the French territory. An intimation was accordingly conveyed to him through the Duc de Gèvres and M. de Maurepas, that a fitting retreat had been prepared for him at Freiburg. He positively refused to quit France. "Above all," he said, "I grieve for Louis; I can only lose life, but Louis loses honor." Like Charles XII., of Sweden at Bender, he armed his servants, barricaded his house, and determined to repel force by force. The Dauphin and many of the principal nobility sympathized with him, and used all their influence to avoid coming to extremities; but the Government had gone too far to recede, and the result is thus concisely and indignantly summed up by Chateaubriand: "The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle drove Charles Edward from France. Seized in the Opera House on the 11th December, 1748, shamefully bound, he was brought to Vincennes. He was carried to the frontiers; Louis Quatorze was no longer on the throne. Charles Edward learned the hard lesson which the great are wont to learn in adversity. He was abandoned. He had his good right on his side; but legitimacy is no protection. It was decreed that the time would come when the descendants of Louis XV. would be wandering about Europe like the Pretender,—would read on the corners of streets in Germany,—*All beggars, vagabonds, and emigrants are forbidden to tarry longer than twenty-four hours here.*" Contemporary opinion was little less severe. The Duc de Biron, who commanded the French guards employed in the seizure, was very generally regarded as a dishonored man, and the popular sentiment was well expressed by Desforges in some verses ending—

"Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd'hui si servile,
Des princes malheureux vous n'êtes plus d'asile."

Severe blows were yet to come which should have been felt the more from being provoked or invited by folly, weakness, vicious indulgence, or misconduct of some sort. The catastrophe in "Redgauntlet" is made to turn on his connection with Miss Walkingshaw and his refusal to give her up, although

she was more than suspected of conveying intelligence of all his movements to the British Court through her sister, who was lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales. Sir Walter Scott lays the scene in Cumberland in 1760. It took place at an earlier date, and the best authenticated account of the Pretender's secret visit to London represents him as being there in 1750. *Il chassoit de race.* Mary of Modena said of his grandfather, James II., "The king was ready to sacrifice his throne to his belief; but he had not force of mind to give up a mistress."

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Are made the whips to scourge us."

Never was there a more marked exemplification of this aphorism than Charles Edward's irregular connection with Miss Walkingshaw. After ruining him with his friends, she abandoned him under an allegation of ill-treatment which he denied, and fled to Paris, where she contrived to enlist the Archbishop of Paris on her side, as well as the old Chevalier St. George, who, glad no doubt to separate her from his son, made her independent of him by allowing her a pension. For a time the unhappy prince bore up manfully against his destiny. But when all hope seemed over, when every field of active exertion was closed against him, when his ambition and his affection were alike blighted, his spirit and character sank with his fortunes, and in the spring of 1761, we find the British ambassador, Stanley, writing from Paris, that the son of the Pretender was given to drinking to such excess as to be often drunk in the morning, and to be carried senseless to bed every evening by his attendants. He became titular king of England by the death of his father in 1766; and Wraxall relates, on what he describes as the highest authority, that in 1770, when the affair of the Falkland Islands threatened war between Great Britain and Spain, the Duc de Choiseul, then Prime Minister of France, thought the time favorable for a fresh effort in favor of the Stuarts. A messenger was dispatched to Rome, requesting the immediate presence of the Pretender at Paris. He obeyed the summons, and an interview was arranged for the very day of his arrival. He was to come disguised in a hackney-coach, at midnight, to the Hôtel de Choiseul, where the Duc and the Marshal de Broglie were in attendance to receive him.

After waiting an hour, they were on the point of separating, under an impression that some unforeseen accident had occurred, when the carriage drove up, and out of it got, or rather was helped with difficulty, the titular king of England, in a state of drunkenness which rendered the most ordinary communication with him an impossibility. The next day he received a peremptory order to quit France.

When things had come to this pass, it might have been expected that the degraded representative of a fallen dynasty, unfit for action and useless even as a tool, would soon have dropped into insignificance; but in an age of intrigue, and under the corrupt political system which then prevailed in every continental court, no means of weakening or distracting a rival power was to be despised. The House of Hanover might be disquieted, and the approaching period of its uncontested stability might be postponed, if it could not be overthrown; and for this purpose, the competing race must be kept up as long as possible. Charles Edward was childless; his brother was a priest. He must therefore be married, on the chance of his having an heir to his claims, to his disappointments, and not improbably to his shame. In August, 1771, he was suddenly summoned again to Paris, and informed by the Duke of Fitzjames, on behalf of the French Court, that if he would take to himself a wife of their choosing, a pension of 240,000 livres would be settled on him.

The chosen subject of this strange proposal was Louise, Princess of Stolberg, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, the scion of an ancient and distinguished family raised to princely rank in the person of his father. Her mother was a daughter of the illustrious house of Horn, and she was maternally allied to the Bruces in Scotland, the Montmorencys and Créquis in France, the de Croys and de Lignes in the Low Countries, the Colonnas and Orsinis in Italy, the Gonzagas and Medinacelis in Spain. The circumstances of the family were not on a par with their descent. Her father, a lieutenant-general in the Austrian service, was killed in the bloody battle of December 5th, 1757, fought and gained by Frederick the Great against Marshal Daun; and her mother was left a widow at the age of twenty-four, with four daughters, Louise,

the eldest, born September 20th, 1752, being then in her sixth year. The Empress Maria Theresa gave the mother a pension, and undertook to provide for the daughters. At that period there existed in the Austrian Netherlands several well-endowed chapters, exclusively reserved for such of the female nobility as could prove the required number of quarterings. That of Mons was the most distinguished; and the first stall that fell vacant in it was placed at the disposal of the Princess, who nominated Louise. The patent was executed in December, 1761, when she was in her tenth year. Her education was completed in a convent, and she first entered upon her full rights as canoness in her seventeenth year, when she also made her *début* in society; for there was little or nothing of an ecclesiastical character about these chapters beyond the name. The Abbess of Ste. Wandru, as her principal was designated, was Charlotte, Princess of Lothringen, sister of Francis I., a lady famed for mundane tastes and accomplishments; and altogether we cannot well conceive a more agreeable life for an orphaned and dowerless girl of quality than lay within the reach of the damsel in question, when she consented, nothing loth, to receive Charles Edward as her bridegroom, she being not yet twenty, and he fifty-two. The difference in age might have been overlooked, and many marriages might be cited where equal or greater disparity has proved no bar to happiness; but Charles Edward was thoroughly "used up." All contemporary accounts describe him as mentally and bodily a wreck. Eighteen years before, when his father pressed him to marry, he replied, that the unworthy conduct of certain ministers, and the troubles of December, 1748, (the date of the deportation from Paris,) had rendered it impossible for him to settle down anywhere without risk to his honor. "Were it even possible to find a place of refuge, I think our family has had misfortune enough. I will not marry so long as I am in misery, for such a step would only multiply this misery. If a son chanced to resemble the father in character, he too would be bound hand and foot, if he refused to obey a vile minion of authority." He did not adhere to this resolution, which was uttered in a moment of pique, and he once meditated an

alliance with the Czar in the hope of Russian aid. He fell in with the French project from pecuniary motives.

"For the young canoness of Mons," says M. de Reumont, "this marriage might have attractions. It was a crown that was offered her,—a crown without true significance, but wreathed by the splendor which is lent by centuries of legitimacy and great events,—a crown which had once belonged to the glorious race of Robert Bruce, whose blood flowed in her veins,—a crown set in rich pearls by the truth of a people, by the sanctity of misfortune, by ready courage in danger, by cheerfulness in self-sacrifice. *Dieu et mon droit*, and the Scottish *Nemo me impune lacessit*, found an echo in the device of the Stolbergs' *Spes nescia falli*,—in the *Fuimus* of the Bruces." The mother probably was influenced by more solid considerations. She must have exaggerated the chances of a restoration, and have looked forward to a period when her daughter would be a queen in right earnest; or she would hardly have hurried on the marriage with the view of concealing it from her kind benefactress, the empress, who was deeply offended when she heard of it.

M. de Reumont desires us to observe that both the year and the day were ominous. It was the year (1772) that witnessed the first partition of Poland, the restoration of despotic government in Sweden, the startling drama of Carolina Matilda and Struensee in Denmark, and some minor symptoms of general disturbance in the South. The formal and concluding ceremony of the marriage took place at Macerata, in the private chapel of Cardinal Marefoschi's palace on the 17th April, which fell on a Good Friday. In later years, the Countess of Albany frequently declared that her marriage had "turned out precisely as a marriage solemnized on the lamentation-day of Christendom might have been expected to turn out."

"Ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
Causa fuit."

The honeymoon passed off pleasantly enough. After spending a couple of days at Macerata, the new-married pair left for Terni, and slept at the house of Count Spada, whose brother had been long attached to the mimic court of the Stuarts. The grace and animation of the bride made the most agree-

able impression on the ladies of the house, who, however, were struck by the circumstance that she, despite her youth and freshness, wore rouge, which she also strongly recommended to the Countess Spada, although her cheeks also showed not the smallest want of such an addition. They reached Rome on the 22d April, when they made their entry with a semblance of royal pomp. Four couriers preceded them; then came the travelling carriage of the prince, then that of the princess, in which were the bride and bridegroom, both drawn by six horses; two other carriages with their attendants; two others with the attendants of Cardinal York. Immediately on their arrival, the cardinal paid the princess a long visit, and presented her with a rich snuff-box set in diamonds, containing a draft for forty thousand Roman crowns. Charles Edward notified to the Secretary of State, Cardinal Palavicini, the arrival of "the king and queen of England;" but the recognition was politely evaded, and they were obliged to content themselves with the varying amount of reverence that compassionate courtesy, chivalrous loyalty, or interested flattery might produce. Bonstetten, the accomplished patrician of Berne, as M. de Reumont calls him, best known as the friend of Madame de Staël and Sismondi, gives an animated description of their appearance and establishment in the winter of 1773-1774, when they occupied the Palace Muti:—

"The Queen of Hearts, as the queen of England was called, was of the middle height, *blonde*, with deep blue eyes, a nose slightly turned-up, the complexion dazzlingly fair, like that of an Englishwoman. Her expression was maliciously gay, but naturally not without a dash of raillery; her nature more French than German. She seemed made to turn everybody's head. The Pretender was large, lean, of a kindly disposition, talkative. He delighted to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures, interesting enough for a stranger, whilst those about him might possibly have been obliged to listen to them a hundred times. His young wife laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature."

At this point, as at several others, M. de Reumont digresses, agreeably and instructively to portray the society of the period and

the place. Although the daily life of the Italian nobles was simple and frugal, the princes of the Church occasionally gave entertainments on a scale of grandeur rarely equalled in France; but the equivocal position of the titular king and queen made public appearances of all sorts disagreeable to them, and after residing a year in Rome they went to Leghorn, and soon afterwards to Sienna; where the scene is laid of a mysterious adventure, revived in 1847 by two gentlemen named Stuart as the foundation of a claim to the lineal representation of the extinct line. The substance of the story, which was unsparingly exposed by the late Mr. Lockhart, was that Charles Edward had, in 1773, by his wife a son, whose birth was kept secret, and who was carried on board an English frigate, the commander of which, Admiral O'Hallcran, brought up the child as his own; that this scion of royalty afterwards appeared on board of a man-of-war among the Western Islands of Scotland, was married to an English lady, and was alive in 1831.*

Towards the end of October, 1774, the royal pair took up their abode in Florence. The Grand Duke Peter Leopold followed the example of the pope, or rather improved upon it, by avoiding any official notice whatever of their arrival; which did not prevent the nobility or courtiers from partaking of the Pretender's hospitality. The ladies held more aloof in consequence of the Countess's refusal to place herself on a footing of equality with them by returning their visits. The evening was commonly passed at the theatre, and on one occasion, Charles Edward happening to engage in an altercation with a French officer, was reminded that he forgot who his adversary was: "I know that you are a Frenchman," was the retort, "and that is enough." He was half intoxicated at the time, and so inveterate grew the craving for stimulants, that at a somewhat later period he is described as having always a bottle of Cyprus wine in his box. Soon after his arrival in Florence, his health gave way, his appetite failed, he showed symptoms of dropsy, and he became so helpless that he was obliged to be carried from his carriage

to a sofa, on which he lay during the performance. The countess was in constant attendance: whether from jealousy or affection, he never suffered her to be out of his sight in public; and it may be presumed that her attachment to such a helpmate was not heightened by this constant and compelled companionship.

Such was the state of things when (in the autumn of 1777) Alfieri arrived in Florence. We shall give the commencement and rapid progress of his passion in his own expressive words; but, fully to appreciate the position, his peculiar genius, temperament, and prior life should be freshly remembered, and these fortunately may all be gathered from his autobiography.* He was born at Asti, in Piedmont, on the 17th January, 1749, of a noble and honorable family of independent fortune,—a circumstance on which he lays considerable stress. His education was that commonly given to young men of his country and station at the time. It was bad, no doubt, but when he complains that, on the completion of his academical studies at Turin, he was lamentably deficient in literature and useful knowledge, he says no more than might have been said by most English lads of the same age on quitting a public school.

The fits and starts by which Alfieri endeavored to correct the omissions of his tutors, may be inferred from the curious fact, that a window is still shown in the Collobiano Palace at Turin, near which he made his servant tie him to his chair, to save him, Ulysses-like, from the sirens of dissipation. At different times, by dint of volition and as a set task, he read, re-read, collated, analyzed, and meditated on Ariosto, Montesquieu, Helvetius, and Machiavelli. *Multum legere non multa*, (to read much, not many books,) is the wise advice of Bacon; and Alfieri, consciously or unconsciously, acted on it. He also applied his whole heart and soul to gain a fitting instrument of expression for his glowing and thronging thoughts and images, by acquiring the pure Tuscan dialect. When in his seventeenth year he started on his travels, he spoke no language but his native semi-barbarous dialect, and some very equivocal French. His mind, however, was one of those that are enriched

* See "Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History between the Years 1746 and 1846, by John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, Edinburgh, 1847;" and "The Quarterly Review," vol. lxxxi. p. 57.

* "Vita di Vittorio Alfieri da Asti. Scritta da Esso (two volumes). Firenze, 1822."

by the mere act of passing amongst scenes and objects deemed barren by the multitude; and the future tragedian was formed by adventures which the scientific or dilettante traveller would avoid, and the strict moralist must condemn. In Holland he fell so desperately in love with a young married woman, that when she left him at the by no means hasty or unreasonable call of conjugal duty, he became speechless, and when brought to his senses by the lancet, was with difficulty prevented from tearing off the bandages and wilfully bleeding to death.

This, though headed *Primo Intoppo Amoro* (First Love Adventure), was preceded by a slighter attack of the same malady in Italy, and followed by a still graver one in England, which he narrates with all the details, merely suppressing the name. The heroine of this romance was the wife of a peer who had a commission in the guards. After the usual amount of preliminary flirtation, Alfieri became her accepted lover, and was clandestinely admitted to her house. The intrigue was betrayed to the husband, who challenged the poet. They fought in the Green Park with swords, and Alfieri, utterly ignorant of the use of the weapon, escaped with a wound in the arm. His generous adversary, disdaining to take advantage of his superiority, declared himself satisfied, and intimated at the same time that he no longer claimed any right to control the movements of the lady, as it was his intention to divorce her without delay. Alfieri was eager to offer her the sole reparation in his power, and she vehemently expatiated on the happiness she anticipated by becoming his wife, although she kept on qualifying her ardent hopes with doubts and fears lest he should eventually draw back. Her tone and manner puzzled him till the third day after the duel, when the mystery was cleared up. She then frankly told him that, prior to the commencement of their acquaintance, she had bestowed her favors on a groom, who was still in the house; that this man, under the influence of jealousy, had revealed both intrigues to her husband; that she was completely in his power, and was irretrievably lost in every sense. Alfieri told her that she judged rightly in supposing that he could not marry her; that it was well she had made a clean breast of it when she did, for, had their marriage pre-

ceded the confession or discovery, he would have put her to death with his own hands; but her candor was a redeeming feature, and he was still ready to accompany her to any part of Europe or America, as her friend.

This was on a Friday. The state of mind in which he passed the rest of the day and the next night may be guessed. On Saturday morning, as he casually glanced over a newspaper, his own name caught his eye. "I snatch it up, read a tolerably long article, in which the whole of my misadventure is narrated, detailed minutely and accurately, and I learn from it, moreover, the melancholy and laughable individuality of my rival the groom, including his name, age, figure, and the full confession made by him to his master. I was on the point of falling dead as I read on; and when at last my lucidity of mind returned, I became aware that the perfidious dame had *spontaneously* confessed all, after the newspaper of Friday morning had already revealed all to the public." We should have thought that no extent of illusion could hold out against this exposure; yet such was his infatuation, that he still lingered round his paramour, and actually travelled with her for a period:—

"I ask not, I know not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

He was made the defendant in the subsequent proceedings, and pays a just tribute to the generosity of the injured husband, who, having already spared his life, now spared his pocket by not demanding damages.*

Adventures of this kind formed no bad apprenticeship for the embryo dramatist. Goethe remarked of Balzac that each of his best novels was dug out of a suffering wo-

* The case obtained so much publicity, that, especially at this distance of time, there can be no indiscretion in mentioning the names. The lady was Penelope, daughter of George Lord Rivers, and wife of Edward Lord Ligonier. A house at which, when absent from London, she was clandestinely visited by Alfieri, was standing in the park at Strathfieldsaye within living memory, and a tree used to be pointed out, on the bough of which Alfieri hung the bridle of his horse. The house was pulled down by the late Duke of Wellington. We cannot help wishing that His Grace had followed the example of the successive Earls of Chesterfield, who have carefully preserved within the domain of Brothby Park the cottage or out-building so amusingly associated with Grammont's night adventure, narrated in the ninth chapter of his Memoirs.

man's heart. More than one of Alfieri's best tragedies was dug out of his own. The fifth chapter of the second volume of the "Life" is headed, *Degno amore mi allaccia finalmente per sempre* (worthy love binds me finally forever). It contains the story of his introduction to the woman who, with all her faults and weaknesses, was destined to be to him what Beatrice was to Dante, or Laura to Petrarch, or Vittoria Colonna to Michael Angelo,—his polestar, his beacon, his inspiration, and his guide. To concentrate the energies and steady the impulsive flights of this irregular genius, two things were essential: a settled object of ambition, an equally settled object of affection; and with her, he acquired both.

In the autumn of 1777 he arrived at Florence, uncertain whether he should winter there or not:—

"At the end of the preceding summer, which I passed at Florence, I had often, without seeking her, met a charming and beautiful lady, whom, from her being also a foreigner and of distinction, it was impossible not to see and observe; and still more impossible that, seen and observed, she should not please every one in the highest degree. With all this, although a great part of the gentry of Florence and all the foreigners of birth visited her, I, plunged in study and melancholy, retiring and savage by disposition, and always intent on most avoiding those of the fair sex who appeared to me most beautiful and attractive,—I, however, in that preceding summer, did not get introduced at all at her house, but it chanced to me to see her very often in the theatres and promenades. The most pleasing impression of her had remained in my mind. A soft flame in the darkest of eyes, coupled (which rarely happens) with the whitest of skins and light hair, gave her beauty an attraction from which it was no easy matter to escape unscathed or unsubdued. Twenty-five years of age, much tendency to the fine arts and literature, a disposition all gold,* and, notwithstanding her position, painful, disagreeable domestic circumstances that seldom left her happy and contented as she should have been. These were too many charms to be rashly encountered.

"In this autumn, then, an acquaintance having often proposed to take me to her house, thinking myself strong enough, I summoned up courage to wait upon her;

nor had I gone many times before I found myself, as it were, unconsciously caught. But the approach of this, my fourth and last fever of the heart, was fortunately manifested by symptoms different enough from the three first. In those I never found myself agitated by a passion of the mind, which, counterbalancing and mingling with that of the heart, formed (to speak with the poet) an unknown, indistinct combination, the more profound and lasting in proportion as it was less impetuous and fervent. Such was the flame which little by little got the upper hand of my every thought and feeling, and will never be extinguished in me but with life. Becoming aware in two months that my true lady was this one, since instead of finding in her, as in all ordinary women, an obstacle to literary glory, a disturbance to useful occupation, and a lowering of thought, I found in her a spur, a comfort, and an example towards every good work; and, recognizing and appreciating so rare a treasure, I gave myself up to her beyond recall."

No Piedmontese could then travel without a license from the Government, which was grudgingly given; and the Piedmontese laws of the press applied indiscriminately to the writings of any subject of Piedmont without reference to the place of publication. Alfieri wished to live entirely abroad, and was meditating works overflowing with denunciations of tyranny, which were sure to give offence. He therefore resolved to expatriate himself completely and permanently, which he practically effected by making over his property to a married sister, upon trust to pay him 1,400 sequins (about half the actual value) per annum. He was now legally free to devote himself exclusively to literature and the lady. But, as regards the lady, a moral and social difficulty remained. Her husband had so much of the Englishman about him as to object to her unrestrained exercise of a privilege which the wedded dames of Italy then claimed and enjoyed as a right. The attendance of a *cavalier servente* or *cicisbeo* was denied to her, or allowed with so many drawbacks as to cause more pain than pleasure to the parties who are usually expected to benefit by the institution. After mentioning other works planned and partially executed up to the summer of 1778, Alfieri continues:—

"In the August of this same year, at the suggestion and for the satisfaction of my be-

* "Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold."—*Milton's translation of the Ode to Pyrrha*. Alfieri's expression is *indole d'oro*.

loved, I imaged forth 'Maria Stuarda.' In and from September I versified 'Oreste,' with which ended the excessively occupied year. My days passed in a kind of perfect calm; and it would have been unbroken if I had not frequently been pained to see my adored one teased by continual domestic annoyances brought about by her querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated old husband. Her sorrows were mine; and I have successively suffered the pangs of death from them. I could only see her in the evening, and sometimes at dinner at her house; but with the spouse always present, or at best in the next room. *And* indeed, that he took umbrage at me more than at others, but such was his system; and in nine years and more that this pair lived together, never, oh! never has he gone out without her, nor she without him: a cohesion which would end by becoming wearisome to two people who were ever so much in love with each other.

"The whole day, then, I remained at home studying, after riding on a hired horse for a couple of hours for mere health. In the evening I had the solace of seeing her, but too much embittered by finding her almost always afflicted and oppressed. If I had not most tenaciously adhered to study, I should have been unable to submit to see her so little and in such a manner. But on the other hand, if I had not had that solitary solace of her most charming aspect for counter-poison to the bitterness of my solitude, I should never have been able to bear up against a study so continuous and so (I might say) frenzied."

In the course of the year 1780, he made rapid progress in some of his favorite works, versifying the "Maria Stuarda," the "Rosmunda," and great part of "Ottavia," rever-sifying the whole of the "Filippo" for the third time, and developing "Ottavia" and "Timoleone;" the one inspired by a recent perusal of Plutarch, and the other by Tacitus, which he says he read and re-read with transport. A curious insight is given by these confessions into his mode of writing, which must have been painful and laborious in the extreme. It would seem that, with him, the process of versification, as well as that of first clothing his thoughts in words, was entirely distinct from that of conception, and that, stranger still, he had commonly five or six works on the stocks at once. Besides his dramas, he was in the habit of composing sonnets, commonly addressed to the Countess, more remarkable for depth of feel-

ing and energy of expression than for fancy or grace.

In December, 1780, his course of life was rudely interrupted by a sudden outburst of brutality on the part of Charles Edward, who in a fit of drunkenness behaved so grossly to the Countess, as to justify her, in the opinion of the Florentine Court, and even of his own brother the Cardinal, in throwing him off forever. The transaction was fully reported to the British Government in a dispatch dated December 12th, 1780, by Sir Horace Mann, who says:—

"Of late the intemperance of his (the Pretender's) behavior, especially when he was heated with wine and stronger liquors, has been vented against his wife, whom he has for a long time treated in the most indecent and cruel manner. On St. Andrew's Day, which he always celebrated by indulging himself in drinking more than usual, he ill-treated her in the most outrageous manner by the most abusive language, and beating her at night and in bed, and attempting to choke her. Fresh instances of his cruelty inclining her to think herself in danger of her life, she meditated on the means of putting her resolution into effect; for which purpose she made her case privately known to the Grand Duke, and invited a lady of her acquaintance to breakfast with her husband, as she had often done before; after which he proposed to the ladies to take the air in his coach as usual, and they, under the pretence of visiting a sort of convent, not a strict cloister, which is immediately under the Grand Duchess's protection, induced him to go thither, having previously engaged a gentleman of her acquaintance to be there to hand her out of the coach, and to prevent any acts of violence, as the Pretender always carried pistols in his pocket. The ladies getting first into the convent, the door was immediately shut and barred to prevent the Pretender's getting in. He flew into a violent passion, demanding his wife. A lady of the court who has the direction of that place in the name of the Grand Duchess, came to the grate and told him that the Countess Albanie had put herself under the protection of the Grand Duke, and that, being in danger of her life, had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more. Upon which he returned home, where he committed the greatest extravagances, and has since declared that he will give a thousand zechins to anybody who will kill the gentleman who assisted his wife on that occasion."

The gentleman was Alfieri, who, after a

brief summary of the affair, states that he will not condescend to vindicate himself against the stupid imputations levelled at him for rescuing an innocent victim. "Suffice it to say that I saved my lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly drunken master, without her honor being in any way whatever compromised nor the proprieties in the least transgressed." Considering the total want of opportunity, it requires no great stretch of charity to believe him, although, as in the affair of Bothwell and Queen Mary, their subsequent conduct has thrown a shade of doubt on the purity of their intercourse from the commencement. We also learn from Sir Horace Mann that, in 1783, when the Pretender supposed himself to be dying, he "convinced his brother the Cardinal of many circumstances relating to his wife's conduct and her elopement from him, of which the Cardinal was not informed, and in which all those who took the part of the Countess had likewise been deceived, that the whole was a plot formed by Count Alfieri." What is more, Lord Stanhope, whose information is excellent and whose judgments always lean to mercy's side, compresses the story into one pithy and double-edged sentence: "The Count and Countess of Albany (such was the title they bore) lived together several years at Florence, a harsh husband and a faithless wife; until at length, in 1780, weary of constraint, she *eloped* with her lover Alfieri."* If the estrangement of the affection, unaccompanied by what is commonly understood by matrimonial infidelity, amounts to faithlessness, the Countess certainly was faithless; but surely her mode of leaving her husband's roof and taking refuge in a convent under the sanction of the Grand Duchess, cannot fairly be described as an elopement with her lover; and when she quitted it, the arrangements for her departure, her journey, and her reception at her next abode were made by her brother-in-law the Cardinal and the Papal Nuncio, who received especial directions from His Holiness to facilitate them. On the 13th December, the Cardinal writes to her: "I have long foreseen what has happened, and your proceedings taken in concert with the court are a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives."

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht, etc. By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope) vol. iii. p. 528.

His Holiness wrote her an autograph letter of the same date, fully approving what she had done, and confirming in every particular the promises of protection and countenance already conveyed through the Cardinal. On the 30th December, 1780, Sir Horace Mann reports that the Countess of Albany had just set out for Rome with all possible secrecy:—"Besides her own servants she was attended by one of the Nuncio's, and other steps were taken by order of the Grand Duke for her greater security against any molestation, in case the Pretender should have got notice of her departure, which even as yet does not appear." M. de Reumont states that besides a mounted escort, Alfieri and a Mr. Gahagan, disguised and well armed, occupied the box of the carriage till it had got a considerable distance from Florence. This incident is suppressed by Alfieri. On January 23, 1781, Sir Horace Mann reports that—"The Countess is treated at Rome with the greatest respect. She has obtained leave to go abroad without the least restraint. She had a long audience of the Pope in the sacristy of the church. Cardinal York treats her with the greatest civility, and has made her the most generous offers, and she goes frequently to dine with him at Frascati, where he commonly resides."

Alfieri's conduct at this trying epoch corresponded in all outward seeming with his professions of elevated and disinterested attachment. Respect for appearances prevented him from following her to Rome, and Florence had grown intolerable. After a month of utter prostration, he resolved on going to Naples; "choosing it expressly, as every one may see, because the way lies through Rome." In one of Crabbe's poems, ("The Lover's Journey,") a young lover, full of hope, is on his way to the home of his beloved; and the road, through a barren and fenny district, seems a succession of sunlit landscapes or smiling valleys. He is out of humor at not finding her, and although his way now lies through a beautiful country, all seems ugly, gloomy, and desolate. Alfieri was affected much in the same manner.

"As I travelled towards Rome, the approximation to *her* made my heart beat. So different from all others is the lover's eye, that a barren noisome region, which three years before appeared to me what it was, presented itself as the most delicious place of

sojourn in the world. I arrived : I saw her —(oh, God ! the thought of it still cleaves my heart in twain)—I saw her prisoner behind a grating, less vexed, however, than I had seen her in Florence ; but, for other reasons, I did not find her less unhappy. We were completely separated ; and who could say for how long we were so ? ”

He goes on to say that he remained only a few days in Rome, and during that time love, he owns, made him resort to an infinity of humiliating expedients, to which he would not have resorted to obtain the empire of the universe : “ expedients to which I furiously refused to resort afterwards, when presenting myself at the threshold of the Temple of Glory, still very doubtful whether I should ever obtain admission ; I would neither humor nor flatter those who were, or deemed themselves, its guardians. . . . “ I did every thing, I resorted to every thing, and I remained in Rome, tolerated by these charlatans, and even aided by those petty priests who had or assumed any influence in the affairs of my lady.”

When he had thus fairly or unfairly earned a temporary domicile in the Eternal City, he managed to regulate his life as nearly as possible after the plan which (barring sundry drawbacks) had succeeded so well at Florence. His place of residence was the Villa Strozzi, near the Baths of Dioclesian ; “ a dwelling,” he says, “ in entire harmony with my temperament, my character, my occupations. So long as I live I shall think of it with regretful longing.” His literary pursuits and his usual two hours’ ride filled the morning and forenoon, and part of every evening was passed with the Countess, from whom he professed to draw inspiration for the resumption of his labors on the morrow. It would seem that the Countess sometimes accompanied him in his rides, for speaking subsequently (1784) of his horses, fourteen of which he had bought in England, he says : “ The fifteenth was my beautiful roan, Fido, the same that in Rome had often carried the pleasing burthen of my lady, and for that reason was dearer to me than all the rest of my stud.” He ranks his fondness for horses as third, for intensity, amongst his passions : the Countess being No. 1, and the Tragic Muse No. 2. There are passages in his “ Life ” which anticipate the sentiment of a graceful French poet :—

“ A ses moindres discours suspendre tout son être,
Emu d’un doux espoir,
Et mourir tout le jour, hélas ! à se promettre
Un sourire le soir.”

But although Alfieri may have succeeded in deceiving himself, he will not deceive others. He was rather an example of the Byronic theory, “ Man’s love is of man’s life a thing apart.” When the excitement of positive prohibition or interference was over, he subsided into a regular punctual, habitual lover of the *où passeraije mes soirées* ? school, and versified his tragedies with the steadiness of taskwork. He had resolved to complete a certain number, enough to commence an epoch in Italian dramatic literature, before publishing any. His original plan was not to exceed twelve ; but prior to the end of 1782 he had well-nigh put the finishing hand to fourteen ; the sudden temptation to write “ Merope ” and “ Saul ” having proved irresistible. “ Saul ” was his favorite work, and (what rarely happens in the case of favorite works) it has been generally esteemed his best. He proposed to dedicate it to Pius VI. in the course of a private interview, during which the Pope had highly complimented him on his “ Antigone ; ” but the Pope adroitly declined the honor, on the plea that he could not accept the dedication of any theatrical compositions, be they what they might. Alfieri was deeply mortified, first, at having invited what he considered an affront ; secondly, at having had “ the meanness, the weakness, the duplicity to wish to pay the tribute, in token of respect and esteem, of one of my works, to a man whom I deemed inferior enough to myself in true merit.” Knowing what we do of the estimate he had of himself as a poet, and the intensity of his self-consciousness, we suspect that what he goes on to name as his primary motive was at least a secondary one :—

“ This reason then was, that I, having for some time become aware of rumors proceeding from the house of the relative of my lady, through which I learnt his discontent, and that of all his circle, at my being too much at her house ; and this discontent being constantly on the increase, I sought, by flattering the sovereign of Rome, to create in him a support against all persecutions, of which I already seemed to have a presentiment in

my heart, and which in fact about a month afterwards were let loose against me."

His presentiments did not deceive him; for the Pretender's assurances, when he thought himself dying, impressed the Cardinal strongly, or, more correctly speaking, opened his eyes to what was already palpable to the commonest observer. It hardly required the solemnity of a death-bed to give weight to the convictions of the deserted husband, the soundness of which may be contested without questioning their good faith; and the permitted intimacy of the suspected lover with the fugitive wife was utterly indefensible in any point of view or on any construction of the facts. Alfieri fairly admits as much:—

"And here I certainly shall not make the apology of the usual life of Rome and all Italy as regards almost all married women. I will say, however, that the conduct of this lady in Rome towards me was much more on the safe side than the other, of the customs most tolerated in this city. But I will end all this, for the love of truth and right, by saying that the husband, and the brother, and their respective priests, had every reason not to approve my great intimacy, although it did not exceed the bounds of honor. I regret at the same time that, as to the priests (who were the sole movers of the whole machine), their zeal in the matter was neither evangelical nor pure from secondary ends; since not a few of them, by their sad examples, pronounced at once the eulogy of my conduct and the satire on their own. The affair was the daughter, not of true religion and virtue, but of revenge and intrigue."

Sir Horace Mann states that the Cardinal, on his return from hearing his brother's statement, laid the whole before the Pope, and obtained an order to Alfieri to leave Rome within fifteen days. This he denies, and says that on hearing of the plot brewing against him, he intimated to the Sardinian Minister his readiness to save the lady's honor and peace of mind by a voluntary departure; a course which he preferred to the utterly unindurable one of remaining in the same place without seeing her. Accordingly, on the 4th of March, 1783, he started for Sienna: "like one stupid and deprived of sense, leaving my only love, books, town, peace, my very self, in Rome." Of his four or five separations, this was the saddest, because the future was more uncertain, and he declares that he as good as lost two years by reason of it, so great

were the disturbance of his mind and the interruption of his pursuits. The effect must have been terrible indeed if, as he states, it made him utterly insensible to the harshest criticisms levelled at the style of his published writings, sprinkled over with *durissimo, oscuerrissimo, stravagantissimo*. He managed to get through a good deal of work notwithstanding, listened *incognito* with some complacency to a reading of his "Virginia" in Turin, and undertook an expedition to England to buy horses. The praises lavished on them by connoisseurs pleased him, he admits, little if at all less than those accorded to his verses.

During the whole period of separation he kept up a voluminous correspondence with the Countess, who repaid him in kind; and it would seem that the electric chain of inspiration was not broken by the chilling medium of the post. In one of her letters she spoke of having been highly gratified by the "Brutus" of Voltaire. On reading this he exclaims, "I who had heard it recited ten years before, and had no recollection whatever of it, being instantaneously filled with a wild and disdainful emulation of both mind and heart, said to myself,—What Brutuses? what Brutuses? I will make Brutuses, I will make them in duplicate; time shall show, then, if such subjects for tragedy were better addressed to me, or to a Frenchman born a plebeian, and subscribing himself for seventy years and more *Voltaire Gentilhomme Ordinaire du Roi*." No sooner said than done. Under the feverish excitement of jealous rivalry, he dashed off the plan of "Il Bruto Primo" and "Il Bruto Secondo." But we are anticipating. This occurred in 1786, during another compelled absence; and the prolonged separation beginning with his banishment from Rome, terminated in the summer of 1784, when the Countess, through the mediation of the King of Sweden, came to an arrangement with her husband. A formal instrument was signed by her, Charles Edward, and the Cardinal, and duly ratified by the Pope, by which, in return for the sacrifice of her pin-money, she obtained an amicable divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, with liberty to reside where she pleased. At least, such was the contract as stated by Sir Horace Mann; but it would seem from subsequent occurrences that the Pope retained the power of regulating her movements or directing her place of residence.

The first use the Countess made of her partially recovered freedom was to give Alfieri a meeting at Colmar, where they spent two months together. The bond under which she lay to pass part of her time in the papal territory, obliged them to separate again at the approach of winter, which she passed in Bologna. His place of residence till the following summer was Pisa. They then met again at Colmar, which she soon afterwards quitted for Paris; whither she having returned to Colmar after a few months' stay, he accompanied her in the autumn of 1786. The papal restriction being apparently taken off or relaxed by this time, she thought of taking up her permanent abode there, and he, much as he disliked both the country and the people, had the strongest inducement to do the same; as besides wishing to be near her, he was carefully revising a French impression of his works.

Whilst they had been thus occupied, Charles Edward had taken a step which is supposed to have excited in the heart and mind of the Countess a feeling of compunction or remorse which she had never experienced from his accusations or reproaches. In July, 1784, he formally acknowledged his natural daughter by Miss Walkingshaw, and sent for her from the convent, where she was residing with her mother, to live with him as mistress of his family. Not content with calling her Lady Charlotte Stuart, he insisted on her bearing the title of Duchesse d'Albany, and on St. Andrew's Day, as if determined to celebrate it by some new extravagance, he performed the ceremony of investing her with the Order of St. Andrew, the badge of which she had already assumed.

Wraxall says: "In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle." On the margin of her copy, Mrs. Piozzi wrote:—

"Still more so at Florence in 1786. Count Alfieri had taken away his consort, and he was under the dominion and care of a natural daughter, who wore the Garter, and was called Duchess of Albany. She checked him when he drank too much or when he talked too much. Poor soul! Though one evening he called Mr. Greathead up to him, and said in good English, and in a loud though cracked voice, "I will speak to my own subjects in my own way, *Sare*. Ay, and I will soon speak to you, sir, in Westminster Hall." The Duchess shrugged her shoulders."

A still more curious anecdote is recorded of a conversation with Mr. Greathead, who being left alone with Charles Edward, gradually led him to talk of 1745. At first he shrank from the topic: the reminiscence was evidently sad. But as the visitor persevered, he seemed as it were to cast off a load; his eye lighted up, his demeanor became animated, and he began the narrative of his campaign with youthlike energy, spoke of his marches, his battles, his victories, his escape, and the dangers that surrounded him, of the self-sacrificing fidelity of his Scotch companions, of the dreadful fate that had befallen so many amongst them. The impression that after forty years the recollection of their sufferings made upon him, was so strong, that his strength gave way, his voice failed, and he sank senseless on the ground. On hearing the bustle, his daughter hurried in. "What means this, sir?" she exclaimed. "You have certainly been talking of Scotland and the Highlanders to my father. No one should touch on these things in his presence." He has been known to burst into tears on hearing the tune of "Lochaber no more," which the condemned Jacobites were reported to have sung in prison.

Another striking illustration of his native spirit and sensibility has been preserved. The Comte de Vandreuil, son of the officer who arrested Charles Edward at Paris in 1748, and a speaking likeness of his father, came to Rome in 1787, with the Duchesse de Polignac, and thoughtlessly requested to be presented to Charles Edward, who was merely informed that a foreigner of distinction desired to pay his respects. The name was not announced by the servant, the Duchess herself having undertaken the introduction; but the moment Vandreuil entered the room, the degrading scene with which his features were indelibly associated came back upon the unhappy exile like a flash. He dropped down in a fainting fit, and Vandreuil was hurried from the room.

On August 8th, 1786, Sir Horace Mann reports that "he (the Pretender) has lately assumed the folly practised by his father and grandfather to touch people who are afflicted with scrofulous disorders: many old women and children have been presented to him for that purpose, to whom, after some ceremony,

he gives a small silver medal, which they wear about their necks." This was Sir Horace Mann's last letter on the subject. He died in November, 1786, having been British Minister at Florence since 1740, "perhaps (remarks Lord Stanhope) the longest diplomatic service of the same post that is anywhere recorded." * He was succeeded by Lord Hervey, who on the 29th January, 1788, informs the Secretary of State that some days before the Pretender had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of his body. Two days later (January 31st) Lord Hervey writes: "This morning, between the hours of nine and ten, the Pretender departed this life." Cardinal Caccia-Piatti informed Earl Stanhope, on the authority of some members of Count Albany's household, that he had in truth expired on the evening of the 30th January, but that the date was altered in the public announcement, on account of the evil omen which, notwithstanding the difference of the Old and New Style, was supposed to attend the anniversary of King Charles's execution. Surely a century and a half of home truths might have enabled this fated family to dispense with omens. After lying in state, his remains were buried at Frascati, and the Cardinal assumed the title of Henry the Ninth. He seems to have been an honest and well-intentioned man, although his bigotry and asceticism rendered him unpopular with the lower classes, whose amusements he curtailed, whilst his dulness wearied his accomplished and pleasure-loving colleagues of the Conclave. At the end of a long conference with him, Pius VI. laughingly remarked, he no longer wondered at the eagerness of the English to get rid of so tiresome a race.

The Duchess of Albany did not long survive her father. She died at Bologna in 1789, of the effects of an operation which she was compelled to undergo. An original miniature (formerly belonging to the Cardinal and now in the possession of the Countess Seafield) gives a highly favorable impression of her. The features are good, and the expression animated. Mann says "she is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made,

* Mann and Walpole had not met for forty-two years.

but the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome."

The news of the Pretender's death reached the Countess in Paris in February, 1788, and she was much affected by it. "Her grief," says Alfieri, "was neither factitious nor forced, for every untruth was alien to this upright, incomparable soul; and notwithstanding the great disparity of years, her husband would have found in her an excellent companion and a friend, if not a loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constantly unfriendly, rough, unaccountable behavior. I owe pure truth this testimony." M. Saint René Taillandier says that her grief was rendered intensely poignant by the reflection that the duty from which she had shrunk and fled had been readily undertaken and effectively performed by another:—

"The Duchess Charlotte entering the house of Charles Edward, the deserted child coming to the rescue of the deserted spouse, the natural child replacing the lawful wife and exercising her pious and salutary influence over the old man, these were contrasts which could not but painfully affect the proud Countess. We are making no idle conjectures; Madame D'Albany had too elevated a soul not to feel the painfulness of the situation. It was still worse when the Duchess Charlotte, after having rekindled a spark in the extinct heart of the hero, so gently closed his eyes and followed him to the tomb." *

It is difficult to believe that she viewed her successor in this light. The natural daughter, taken from a convent to preside at a *soi-disant* royal table and receive homage as a *quasi* princess, underwent no sacrifice, and she was subjected to none of the restraints or insults which revolted the wife. The relations in which the two ladies respectively stood to Charles Edward were entirely different; and as to the intense grief of the Countess, nothing is more common than to feel deeply the death of those with whose lives our own have once been closely and cordially blended, however rudely and widely rent asunder at a subsequent period. The softened fancy recalls past hours of tenderness, and refuses to dwell on past causes of complaint; we forgive the wrongs

* "Revue des Deux Mondes" for Feb. 15th, 1861, being the last of three excellent papers principally based on M. de Reumont's work.

we have suffered, and weep bitter tears to think that we can no longer ask pardon or atone for the wrongs we may have done.

The relations of Alfieri and the Countess were not changed by this event. It is now a recognized fact that the tie which bound them to each other was never consecrated by matrimony. Whether they were married or not has been vehemently debated, and the presumptive evidence on the affirmative side was strong. The ceremony was alleged to have taken place at Paris, after the removal of difficulties raised by the Cardinal. In March, 1792, Alfieri's mother wrote to him: "I do not believe that the lady whom you announce as coming with you can feel any liking for me, since I have not the happiness to be acquainted with her. But if this is so, I would fain flatter myself that it is the effect of a tie which I hope may be of a nature to forward your earthly happiness as well as the salvation of your soul. This would be my greatest comfort, as it is my only longing desire." He calls her in his "*Life*" *la mia donna* and *la dolce metà di me stesso*: she speaks of him as *cet ami incomparable*. During the latter part of their stay at Paris they occupied the same house: they travelled together: they were together in 1791, and subsequently whilst living with the connections of the Countess. Wherever they went—whether in France, England, or Italy—they were received in the best society, as if there was nothing conventionally wrong in their connection. The belief in a private marriage may have had something to do with this indulgence; and theirs was by no means an exceptional case at a period when morals and manners, as well as dynasties and forms of government, were more or less shaken by revolutionary notions.

Why they did not marry is still a problem. M. Saint René Taillandier says that she could not make up her mind to abdicate her royalty; whilst Alfieri, independently of a poetic dislike to a prosaic termination of his romance, preferred remaining the lover of a queen. The tenacity with which she clung to her assumed state, struck all who had an opportunity of observing it. Wraxall, who visited her at Paris, says that in one of the rooms there was a throne emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain; that all the plate, including the spoons, was engraved with the same arms; that the servants al-

ways addressed her as "Your Majesty;" and that royal honors were paid to her by the nuns of the convents which she was wont to visit on Sundays and feast-days. The friends who wished to gratify her made no scruple of humoring her in this particular. Thus we find Madame de Staël constantly writing to her as *Chère Souveraine*, and in letters of introduction requesting permission to add to the number of her subjects. The Duchess of Devonshire adopts the same tone; and the flattery which the writers probably regarded as polite *badinage* was accepted as rightful homage by the Countess.

Like Byron and many other liberal or democratic poets, Alfieri was a genuine aristocrat at heart, and neither he nor the Countess could so regulate their society in Paris as to avoid hearing language which disgusted them. It was at their own table, on the day after the forced and terrible procession of the king and queen from Versailles to Paris, that the painter David broke out: "It is a great misfortune that this *Megara* (Marie Antoinette) was not torn to pieces or had not her throat cut by the women, for there will be no peace during her life."

In the autumn of 1790, they quitted Paris for Normandy, and in the following spring they visited England. They remained there some months, partly in London and partly in the country. The Countess kept a journal of her impressions, especially of those made on her by the picture galleries and objects of art which fell under her observation during the tour. Those relating to society were far from favorable:—

"Although I knew that the English were melancholy (*tristes*), I could not imagine that their capital was so to the point at which I found it. No kind of society, plenty of crowds. . . . As they pass nine months of the year with their families or with a limited circle, they wish, when they are in town, to be lost in the whirl. The women, therefore, are never at home. All the morning, which begins at two (for they do not get up before midday, going to bed at four in the morning), is passed in visits and *promenades*; for the English find it necessary, and the climate requires, to take a great deal of exercise. The coal smoke, the absence of sun, the heavy meal, and the drink, require one to be constantly on the move. After all, this exertion does not save them from fits of gout, which nails them to their beds for months, and sometimes for years. The only

good which England enjoys, and which is inappreciable, is political liberty. . . . If England had an oppressive government, this country, together with its people, would be the last in the universe; bad climate, bad soil, and consequently tasteless productions. It is only the excellence of its government that makes it habitable. The English are fond of women, but know not the necessity of living in society with them. They are severe and exacting husbands, and the women are generally better behaved than in other countries, because they have more to risk. The arrangement of the houses prevents them from receiving at home without the privity of the husband and the servants. They are in general good mothers and good wives; but they are fond of play, and the great ladies are very fond of dissipation. Intimate society, and the charm of this society, are unknown in London. One lives with one's family, that is, with one's husband and one's children, for one makes no account of one's father or mother, at least in the class I visited. The English are incapable of feeling any of the fine arts, and still less of executing them; they buy a great many pictures and know nothing about them."

The strangest of her adventures in London is narrated by Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry of May 19th, 1791:—

"The Countess of Albany is not only in England, in London, but at this very moment, I believe, in the palace of St. James; not restored by as rapid a revolution as the French, but, as was observed at supper at Lady Mount Edgecumbe's, by that topsyturvihood that characterizes the present age. Within these two days the Pope has been burnt at Paris; Madame du Barry, mistress of Louis Quinze, has dined with the Lord Mayor of London (Boydell); and the Pretender's widow is presented to the queen of Great Britain. She is to be introduced by her great-grandfather's niece, the young Countess of Aylesbury. That curiosity should bring her here, I don't quite wonder, still less that she abhorred her husband; but methinks it is not very well-bred to his family, nor very sensible, but a new way of passing eldest."

In a postscript dated the night of the 19th May, he adds:—

"Well! I have had an exact account of the interview of the two queens from one who stood close to them. The Dowager was announced as Princess of Stolberg. She was well dressed, and not at all embarrassed. The king talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general top-

ics; the queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the princesses; nor did I hear of the prince, but he was there and probably spoke to her. The queen looked at her earnestly. To add to the singularity of the day, it is the queen's birthday. Another odd accident: at the opera at the Pantheon, Madame d'Albany was carried into the king's box and sat there. It is not of a piece with her going to Court that she seals with the royal arms."

Another incident of the journey, mentioned by Walpole, is thus described by Hannah More, in her "Memoirs":—

"The bishop of London carried me to hear the king make his speech in the House of Lords. As it was quite new to me, I was very well entertained; but the thing that was most amusing was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the tenth of June, the Pretender's birthday. I have the honor to be very much like her; and this opinion was confirmed yesterday when we met again."

We collect from a letter from Lord Camelford, of Dec. 14th, 1792, to Mr. Pitt, that one of her objects in visiting England was more fatal to her dignity than being seen at court, namely, to procure pecuniary relief from the House of Hanover. "It does not appear," remarks Lord Stanhope, "that any present aid was afforded to her. But when, in 1806, Cardinal York, in consequence of the French invasion, had found it requisite to leave Rome, and to forego his ecclesiastical revenues, the king, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt, granted a yearly pension of £4,000 to the last of the Stuarts. The Cardinal died in 1807. Then Lord Hawkesbury wrote, announcing that a part of this pension, £1,600 a year, would be continued by His Majesty to the Countess of Albany!"

Alfieri is silent as to this episode, and both M. de Reumont and M. Saint René Taillandier revert to it with an expression of regret, as wanting in self-respect, and derogatory to the widow of the rival claimant of the crown.

* "Life of Pitt," vol. ii. p. 182.

It appears from her journal, that the pair meditated an expedition to Scotland, where she wished to see the spots consecrated by the heroism or misfortunes of the Stuarts and their adherents, and that the intention was abandoned in consequence of the bad weather. Alfieri attributes the abridgement of their tour to pecuniary difficulties. Two thirds of their revenue was derived from French investments, paid in *assignats*, the current value of which was rapidly dropping down to zero. "In August, therefore, before quitting England, we made a tour to Bath, Bristol, and Oxford, and returning to London a few days afterwards, we re-embarked at Dover." Wherever they went, the Countess made a point of seeing the picture galleries, statues, monuments, and remarkable objects of all sorts; and her recorded impressions of these show that she was endowed with a genuine love of art and a highly cultivated taste.

This was Alfieri's fourth visit to England. During the third he made diligent inquiries for the heroine of the second, but could learn nothing of her. As he was on the point of quitting the country for the last time, accident brought about what he had long desired and sought in vain. The first object that met his eye on the strand at Dover was this very woman, "still most beautiful." On arriving at Calais, he wrote to her to express the sentiments of regard he still entertained, and his regret to hear that her way of life was not in accordance with her birth and connections, deepened by the fear that he had been in some respect the cause. Her answer reached him in Brussels, and he prints it to give an idea of her "original, and obstinate, evilly-inclined character, rare enough in that class, especially in the fair sex. But every thing contributes to the grand study of the bizarre species of mankind! The letter, which is in French, comforts him by the avowal that the writer is not unhappy, and feels rather grateful to him than the contrary, for delivering her from a world which never suited her. She says she is happy with her books, her drawings, her music, and the affection of the best of brothers. She concludes thus:—

"I have often, during the last two years, been pleased to hear you spoken of both at London and Paris, where your writings, which I have not yet been able to procure,

are admired and esteemed. It is said you are attached to the Princess with whom you travel, who, judging from her ingenuous and intellectual physiognomy, seems well fitted to make the happiness of a soul as sensitive and delicate as yours. It is also said that she is afraid of you (I clearly recognize you in that): without desiring it, or perhaps without being aware of it, you have irresistibly this ascendant over all who love you. I wish you, from the bottom of my heart, the continuation of the blessings and real pleasures of this world; and if chance should bring about another meeting, I shall always have the greatest satisfaction in learning thus much from yourself. Adieu!

PENELOPE."

The quondam lover must have been in an unforgiving and uncongenial mood when he discovered traces of original ineradicable sin in this epistle.

After the 10th of August, 1792, Paris became an unsafe as well as a disagreeable place of abode; but it was no easy matter to escape from it. Armed with passports from the Venetian and Danish ministers, the only remaining foreign ministers about the phantom of a court, as well as from the sectional authorities, they made the attempt on the 18th of August. On arriving at the barrier they found four or five soldiers of the national guard, with an official, who were about to let them pass, when, from a neighboring pot-house, thirty or forty of the lowest populace rushed out shirtless, drunk, and furious.

"These, at sight of two carriages loaded with trunks and imperials, and a suite of two women-servants and three men, cried out that all the rich wanted to fly from Paris and carry off their treasures, leaving the poor to starve. Then began an altercation between the few and wretched guards, and the many and wretched ragamuffins; those to let us out, these to keep us in. I sprang from the carriage into the crowd, armed with all the seven passports, and set about squabbling, shouting, and gesticulating more than they—a method by which one always gets the better of the French. Angry and excited to the highest pitch, I three times over took back my passport, and repeated at the pitch of my voice; 'Look! here! my name is Alfieri, Italian, not French. Tall, lean, pale, red-haired. I am he! look at me: we have our passports, we have them in full from those who have a right to give them; we demand to pass, and pass we will, *per Dio*.'"

The row lasted half an hour, at the end of which they got clear, and made the best of their way beyond the frontier. After a month at Brussels, they went by Germany and Switzerland to Florence, where they permanently established themselves, except during three months when the French occupation of the city caused them to abandon their town house for a neighboring villa. This did not lessen Alfieri's hatred of the French, so vehemently expressed in his "*Misogallo*." Cornelia Knight relates, that when an order arrived for a stated number of Tuscan youths to be sent to Paris to be educated there with a view to the French service, civil or military, and various expedients for evading the order were discussed, Alfieri suddenly cried out, "*Ammazzarli* (kill them)." A fruitless attempt made by the French Commander-in-Chief gave occasion for another burst of Misogallicism; and the poet's unsociability increased daily. Over the entrance of his house, for days together, hung a tablet inscribed, "Count Alfieri is not at home,"—a mode of preventing interruption not uncommon in Germany. Maturin (the author of "*Bertram*," etc.) was in the habit of sticking a black wafer on his forehead as a warning to his household not to disturb his meditations: but Alfieri's brow, it is said, intimated clearly enough, without the wafer, when he was not to be crossed or brought down from his poetic heaven with impunity. A ludicrous instance of his irritability is given by Melchior Delfico, the historian of the Republic of San Marino. In the winter of 1795, he was on his way to be introduced to Alfieri by Pindemonte, when they suddenly fell in with the far-famed dramatist and haughty noble on the quay of the Arno, in the act of hotly persuading and boxing the ears of a boy who had splashed his stockings by throwing a stone into a puddle. Delfico thanked Pindemonte, and said that the personal knowledge thus obtained of his illustrious friend was enough.

The provocation may have been greater than appeared, for he was commonly busied with composition during his wanderings, and many of his longer poems were composed piecemeal whilst he was walking or riding. Unlike Dr. Johnson,—who ridiculed the notion that the intellectual powers depended on weather or the direction of the wind,—Alfieri, when he committed his verses to paper, made

a note of the state of the atmosphere and the precise tone of mind in which they were produced. In 1795, being then in the forty-sixth year of his age and the twentieth of his literary life, he began studying Greek with his characteristic energy; and read through successively, with the aid of Latin translations, Homer, Hesiod, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Anacreon. He gave up Pindar in despair, disgusted with the literal prose versions of the lyrics from which he had anticipated so much. The "*Alcestes*" of Euripides fastened on his imagination to such an extent that, although he had resolved to write no more dramas, he could not resist the temptation of borrowing the plot for a tragedy. He was particularly proud of having mastered Homer. "It came into my head that, as every laborer is worthy of his hire, I should bestow a reward on myself, and this ought to be a decoration and an honor, not a gain." Accordingly, he dubbed himself Knight of Homer, and adopted as his badge a golden collar to be set with jewels engraved with the names of twenty poets, ancient and modern, and a cameo representing Homer hanging from it.

In 1794 he took it into his head to come out as an actor, and, with the aid of some new acquaintances, got up a respectable representation of three or four of his plays. His favorite part was "*Saul*," and his pride in the performance recalls that of Voltaire in the part of the Sultan in "*Zaire*." The rarest of all things is a poet who can read or declaim his own verses without undue or misplaced emphasis, and no man has greater need of Hamlet's advice to the players, to "use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and I may say whirlwind, of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." We find, as we expected, that overcharged expression was his fault. Goldsmith envied the puppets for attracting attention from himself; Alfieri coveted the admiration bestowed on an improvvisatrice, Teresa Bandettini, called the Etruscan Amaryllis.

His passion for horses remained undiminished. Till confined by the gout, he drove a kind of tilbury, dressed in black, with a scarlet cloak, his red hair parted from the forehead and falling on his neck. His tone and humor for the day are said to have depended on the neigh or whimper of the favor-

ite horse, which he fed every morning with his own hand.

M. de Reumont acknowledges, with marked reluctance, that all the pastimes of this eccentric genius were not equally innocent or excusable. The stretch of his faculties required them to be occasionally unbent in a manner the most opposite to his habitual tastes and studies. Strange to say, we find him seeking relaxation in a club of both sexes of a not very elevated class where one of the amusements was to make burlesque verses. He actually acted as secretary of this "nameless, and worthy to remain nameless, Academy," as it is called on the title-page of a collection of their "thoroughly bad poetry." In one of his own contributions to it, he compares himself, whilst so employed, to Hercules at the distaff. The comparison was true in a double sense. There was an *Omphale*, perhaps more than one, in the case.

In his verses on "A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madam de Warens," Moore breaks into a tone of sorrowing indignation to think how ill the practice of poets, moralists, and sentimentalists is sometimes found to correspond with their theory:—

"How, with the pencil hardly dry
From coloring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heav'n they
rove,

"They who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor know, a joy above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms."

Alfieri was one of these. The lofty idealism of his passion for his *carissima donna* did not prevent him from indulging in caprices of a less ecstatic and more sublunary kind both at Sienna and Florence; and it is difficult to place implicit evidence in his assurance that no crimination or recrimination ever arose between the Countess and himself. She may, indeed, have been kept silent by the fear to which his friend Penelope alludes; or, like Queen Caroline tolerating "my good Howard," she may have come to the philosophical conclusion that masculine infidelity neither implies the loss of influence, nor is necessarily influenced by the imagination or the heart. To risk a less favorable hypothesis, she may have had a lurking consciousness that her own conduct

would hardly justify her in calling on her lover for a strict and literal account of his. She was always given to coquetry. In 1774, the third year of her marriage, Walpole writes: "The young Mr. Coke is returned from his travels in love with the Pretender's queen, who has permitted him to have her picture." Certain it is that, considerably before Alfieri's death, his successor had been designated, although the notion that his image could be displaced or replaced in his adored and adoring princess's heart never crossed his mind for a moment. That there, if anywhere, he and he only should be enshrined, was the proudest of his living boasts, and the dearest of his dying wishes.

He died on the 7th of October, 1803, without spiritual aid; and it is insinuated as a reproach to the Countess, that she did not encourage or take advantage of sundry religious yearnings which he, a professed freethinker, is reported to have felt. But she herself, unhappily, was an *esprit fort* of the eighteenth century, and their prior relations were not of a nature to qualify her for the austere monitress of his death-bed. Before his remains were committed to the earth, he received a homage which, could he have looked forward a few years, he would have appreciated highly. Chateaubriand, who was passing through Florence, saw and hung over him in his coffin.

By his last will he left every thing, "movables and immovables, gold and silver, books and manuscripts, to the Countess Louise D'Albany;" and by a separate testamentary paper he confided to her exclusively the printing of his literary remains and the guardianship of his literary fame. She fully answered his expectations in these respects, by publishing a carefully corrected edition of his posthumous works, and by procuring him a grave in the Church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Bigotry is of no clime, and the Tuscan clergy started objections almost identical with those which were raised by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster against the claim of Byron to a niche in Poets' Corner. The Italian man of genius was more fortunate than our illustrious countryman. The priestly interference which proved paramount in Protestant England, was summarily set aside in Roman Catholic Tuscany. Alfieri was buried alongside of Machiavelli, and Canova was

engaged to construct a monument, which Lord Broughton has pronounced to be one of the heaviest productions of his chisel. On one side of the base is the inscription: "Victorio Alfieri Astensi Aloisia e Principibus Stolbergis Alboniæ Comitissa M. P. C., An. MD.CCCX."

On the 24th November, 1803, the Countess writes thus to Count Baldelli:—

"You may judge, my dear Baldelli, of my grief, by the manner in which I lived with the incomparable friend I have lost. It will be seven weeks next Saturday, and it is as if this misfortune had befallen me yesterday. You who have lost an adored wife may conceive what I feel. I have lost all consolation, support, society, all, all! I am alone in this world, which has become a desert for me."

We should be loth to suppose that much of this alleged grief was simulated; for the human heart is strangely given to self-deceit in such matters, and prone to pronounce itself inconsolable when the means of consolation are in actual use or immediately at hand. "There are certain tears which often deceive ourselves after having deceived others." It would not be learned from M. de Reumont's polished and over charitable pages, but the fact is no less plain, says M. St. René Taillandier, that she loved Fabre before Alfieri had descended to the tomb. It is clear also that the constantly increasing misanthropy of the poet had condemned her to a solitude uncongenial to her tastes.

One of the worst consequences of an illicit passion is the habit of self-indulgence engendered by it. The hallowed charm of authorized affection, necessarily wanting to the tie, is supplied rather than compensated by gallantry and flattery, by a constant succession of excitements which resemble opium-eating or dram-drinking in their ultimate effects. Their sudden cessation leaves a feeling of exhaustion which must be relieved, an aching void which must be filled up in some manner, adequately or inadequately; and the dear deceased is simply paying the posthumous penalty for his own transgression when his pedestal is occupied by the image of another.

A few months after Alfieri's death, Fabre was installed in his place in the hotel of the Lung' Arno, the *Casa di Alfieri*, as it is still called. He was a painter of some reputa-

tion in his profession, an exquisite judge of art, a man of sense and honor, with a highly cultivated mind; but there was nothing poetic in his appearance or character, nothing to catch the imagination, to fascinate, to charm. He was thirty-seven in 1803, and the Countess fifty-one; a disparity which helps to explain, without excusing, her attachment. "*On ne compte d'ordinaire la première galanterie des femmes que lorsqu'elles en ont une seconde.*" If the second ought ever to bear the accumulating responsibility of the first, it is when a Fabre succeeds an Alfieri; but there was no social protest, no outward and visible sign of even conventional repugnance to the change.

When great ladies, separated from their natural protectors by death or exile, were flying from country to country, and constantly on the move, a still wider license was tacitly accorded to them. At all events, they claimed it, and conceded it to one another, and in too many instances the Countess of Albany would have been prepared with a telling retort, had her female friends ventured to fling her pet painter in her teeth. Far from thinking of such a thing, they made a point of paying him, through her, the prettiest attentions. The Duchess of Devonshire sends him an engraving by way of *souvenir*, or asks anxiously about his gout; and Madame de Staël writes, "I request you to speak of me to M. Fabre, who inspired me with a great desire to be made intimately acquainted with him." Indeed, the society at the *Casa Alfieri* was never so brilliant as when, to modern apprehension, it had become unworthy of its name. The most eminent of the Italian nobility were its *habitués*; and all travellers who had any claim to the distinction hastened to inscribe their names on her visiting list. Several have recorded their impressions of her. Lamartine, speaking of her in 1810, says that nothing at this period recalled either the queen of an empire or the queen of hearts:—

"She was a little woman whose figure had lost all lightness and all elegance. The features of her face, too rounded and too obtuse, also preserved no pure lines of ideal beauty. But her eyes had a light, her fair hair a tint, her mouth an attraction, all her physiognomy an intelligence and a grace of expression which made you remember, if they no longer made you admire. Her soft manner of speaking, her easy manner, her

reassuring familiarity, raised at once those who approached her to her level. You did not know whether she descended to yours or elevated you to hers, there was so much nature in her bearing."

In Paul Louis Courier's "Works" is a note of a *Conversation chez la Comtesse D'Albany* in 1812. The subject is the relative superiority of the warrior and the artist; the interlocutors being the Countess, Fabre, and Courier. The controversy is supported with great spirit, but internal evidence justifies a suspicion that much of the conversation is imaginary. Still it proves the estimate formed by the reporter of their respective powers. In this year, 1812, began her acquaintance with Ugo Foscolo, which soon ripened into warm friendship, and would have formed a conspicuous epoch in her biography had it not been thrown into the shade by the more glorious memory of Alfieri. It was notwithstanding more to her lasting honor in one respect. The highly beneficial influence which she exercised, for the second time, over an eccentric genius, was acquired without any unbecoming sacrifice on her part, and the tone and tendency of her correspondence with him may be cited in confirmation of Byron's axiom—

"No friend like to a woman man discovers,
So that they have not been, nor may be,
lovers."

No feminine weakness obliging her to humor his self-love, her advice is uniformly sound:—

"You are too much occupied with what is said, and with what is written in the journals. If you make good books, no one will make them bad. Have not people taken it into their heads to write against Racine, who cannot be dethroned? He is more solidly established than the kings of the earth."

All who knew her are agreed that her conversational powers were of the highest order; and her admirers claim for her the credit of having done more than any woman of her time to centralize and generalize the art and literature of the most enlightened nations, and confer a cosmopolitan character on European thought. It was to the change operated in great measure through her instrumentality that Sismondi alludes when writing to her from Geneva shortly before her death: "Your Florentines are beginning to return the visits we formerly paid

them; without doubt the mass still slumbers and lives from day to day, society lacks interest, but there is, notwithstanding, a perceptible progress in men's minds; this mingling of nations, this reciprocal sympathy with which they mutually watch each other, will end by introducing amongst all what is good, by destroying in all what is bad, so far at least as enlightenment can triumph in the long run over petty passions and petty interests."

The importance attached to her *salon* is sufficiently established by the flattering persecution it entailed upon her. In May, 1809, she received an imperial order to repair to Paris without delay. She came accompanied by Fabre, and at her first audience with the Emperor was thus addressed: "I know your influence over the society of Florence. I know also that you employ it in a sense adverse to my policy; you are an obstacle to my projects of fusion between the Tuscans and the French. This is why I have summoned you to Paris, where you will have full leisure to satisfy your taste for the fine arts." She was not allowed to return to Florence till November, 1810.

She died there on the 29th January, 1824. By her will, after leaving, as remembrances, some object or other to each of her relatives and principal friends,—a service of china to one, a cameo to a second, a portrait to a third, and so on,—she constitutes Fabre her universal legatee, as fully and completely as she had been constituted the universal legatee of Alfieri. The result was that all the books, manuscripts, statues, paintings, medals, curiosities, and rarities of all sorts, that had been collected by Charles Edward and Alfieri, became the property of the French painter. After raising a monument to the Countess, he resolved to return to his native country, and after presenting the poet's manuscripts to the city of Florence, he obtained leave from the Grand Duke to carry off the rest of his treasures, the whole of which he subsequently made over to his native city of Montpellier. The municipality caused a building to be constructed for their reception, and that of the donor, who resided in it till his death in 1837. He is described as cold, discreet, disdainful, tormented by the gout, angry at the revolution of July, and though always respectful towards the Countess, avoiding all mention

of her name. Such was the foundation of the *Musée Fabre*, from which the most valuable of the materials for M. de Reumont's work and M. Saint René Taillandier's articles have been derived.

We are not aware that we can add any reflection that will not spontaneously occur to the majority of readers. The Countess's life, with all its crosses and alternations of fortune, is deficient in romantic interest, as well as in moral weight; for her character was essentially prosaic; she preferred the real to the ideal; and we nowhere find that she sacrificed for a passion, or a sentiment, any one solid comfort or advantage that she could command or retain. If she had been

endowed with much fancy or imagination, delicacy or sensibility, the notion (carried out by her last will) of making the French painter the personal representative of the royal husband and the poet-lover, would have been rejected with a shudder if suggested to her. Yet she had as much heart and soul as many women who have filled a larger space in history. She was the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. She inspired Alfieri; she controlled Foscolo; she thwarted Napoleon; she gave Italian thought a standing-point; she strengthened it by a rich infusion of foreign elements, and she mingled minds on an admitted footing of equality with the very first spirits of her day.

Agony Point; or, the Groans of "Gentility." By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford, author of "Twenty Years in the Church," "Elkerton Rectory," etc., etc. In two volumes. London: L. Booth, 307, Regent Street, W.

HERE is a good book, inculcating an excellent moral; but, as a novel, completely spoiled by the manner in which it is told. The author discharges the functions of a "chorus" in almost every scene. His actors cannot play without his making a bow to the audience, and moralizing upon what they think, do, or say. We have him as well as them upon the stage the moment the curtain draws up. This mode of narration imparts an air of improbability to the whole, and the reader at last becomes weary of the eternal sermonizing to which he is obliged to listen. Few writers possess the gift of Mr. Thackeray, and can render their presence welcome in the midst of their own story. Few can, like Mr. Thackeray, assume the character of "Mr. Pendennis," in the tale of "Philip," and mingle as one of the *"dramatis personæ"* in the creations of their fancy, and infuse an additional zest into the progress of the narrative by their own wit and wisdom. This is a faculty possessed by very few, and certainly not by Mr. Pycroft, who, in other works, has proved himself to be a clever writer; but, we regret to say, in "Agony Point" has shown that he is incapable of constructing a novel that will amuse as much as it is calculated to improve the reader. The modern novel should not resemble an ancient mystery-play, in which it was necessary that some one should take upon himself the personation of a "Diabolus." An author should stand apart from the stage, and not have the same praise bestowed upon him that Ben Jon-

son puts into the mouth of an antiquated crone when declaring that the imp-player was

"As fine a gentleman of his inches as ever I saw trusted to the stage, or anywhere else, and loved the Commonwealth as well as e'er a patriot of 'em all; he would carry away the vice on his back quick to hell, in every play where he comes; and reform abuses."—*London Review*.

A Guide to the Healthiest and Most Beautiful Watering-Places in the British Islands; including all the Information generally wanted by those seeking a Temporary or Permanent Change of Abode. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated with maps and engravings. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

IN this volume will be found an accurate account of no less than sixty-three watering-places in England, sixteen in Wales, eighteen in Scotland, and fourteen in Ireland. Amongst those included as in England are to be reckoned the Channel Islands. Of each there is to be found a statement as to its "natural beauties, climate, temperature, and prevailing winds," the compiler justly remarking that "it is now well known how much comfort, animal spirits, and health depend upon these things." Information is also supplied as to the accommodation in each place for bathing, of its mineral waters (if any), its newspapers, places of worship, markets and fairs, population, conveyances, telegraph stations, and hotels. If persons have not made up their mind as to where they may hope to spend their holidays most agreeably and advantageously for themselves, here is a book upon which they may rely, as conveying to them complete information.—*London Review*.

From The Examiner, 6 July.

M. DU CHAILLU AND HIS DETRACTORS.

M. Du Chaillu's book—which we noticed when it first came out—has been a great success. It has distanced Livingstone's, and left the heavy tomes of poor Dr. Barth "nowhere," unless on the shelves of his luckless publisher. Mr. Murray—an excellent judge and a liberal one—has printed ten thousand copies of it, and sold nearly the whole number. This has been by no means satisfactory to some parties of whose own productions no bookseller in his senses would print as many copies as Mr. Mudie distributes of M. Du Chaillu's work in a single day. And so a very pretty controversy between philosophers and fault-finders has been got up, very damaging to the latter, but very valuable to M. Du Chaillu in the way of advertisement.

We must give our readers a brief account of this controversy, unusual among naturalists and travellers. M. Du Chaillu in his preface tells us that in the numerous collection of beasts and birds which he has brought from equatorial Africa, twenty of the first, and sixty of the last are new. He does not state this on his own sole authority, for he does not pretend to have made natural history a special study, but on that of the most eminent professors of the science in America, who had carefully examined his specimens. Up starts Dr. John Edward Gray, keeper of the department of natural history of the British Museum, a very eminent zoölogical sceptic, and having made a cursory examination of the twenty quadrupeds, but no examination at all of the sixty birds, he peremptorily decrees that M. Du Chaillu has made no addition whatever to our stock of zoölogical knowledge. His new species, according to the learned doctor, are but sub-species or mere varieties of known species. This comes badly from the learned gentleman, himself the greatest living manufacturer of new species,—one who would split a hair to make them. In wild nature, the doctor should remember that sub-species and varieties are the mere creations of naturalists, for the creatures that come under these distinctions are as permanent and distinct as the most clearly marked species, and we have no reason to believe that they have not been just as primordial creatures as admitted species.

From denying to M. Du Chaillu all merit as a zoölogical discoverer, Dr. John Edward

Gray jumps at once to the conclusion that the author of the popular book is but a travelling figment, a mere geographical Chatterton. He never travelled into the interior of Africa at all;—he bought his specimens on the coast, and his book is but a romance, although to the conviction of all who have themselves travelled in corresponding regions, M. Du Chaillu's narrative contains internal evidence of truthfulness and consistency beyond the power of invention.

The evidences of falsification produced by Dr. Gray are small and to the last degree inconclusive. M. Du Chaillu's specimens, according to him, are too well preserved to have been cured in the jungle, and must, therefore, have been cured on the coast, the locality of civilization, although there be none such. We have seen the specimens, and deem them to be still in such a state, that even a cannibal Fan with the help of a little arsenic, might have prepared them. According to Dr. Gray the wounds of the gorillas are all from behind, and if as bold as they are alleged by M. Du Chaillu, they ought, like those of Roman soldiers, to be in front. With the exception of the old males, the great probability is that the majority of the wounds were from behind, but we really are at a loss to understand how the learned gentleman was able to distinguish in a dry and wrinkled skin between entrance and exit in a gun-shot wound.

Dr. John Edward Gray is an eminent naturalist, and may talk as authoritatively as he pleases of the dry specimens in his own keeping, or of the caged prisoners of the Regent's park, but seeing that he has never visited a tropical or equatorial country, we deem him in modesty bound to refrain from dogmatism in treating of the habits and manners of their denizens.

Among the opponents of M. Du Chaillu is a travelled naturalist of reputation, Mr. Charles Waterton. We fancy we have some recollection of a gentleman of that name who was alleged to have once ridden his own tame alligator across an American river. He is now, if he be the same, sceptical. Thus, he disputes the authenticity of M. Du Chaillu's account of the courage of the gorilla. The whole family of cats, from pussy up to a lion, says Mr. Waterton, strike their prey with the fore-paw, and the whole family of dogs, from a Blenheim spaniel to a wolf, attack their

prey, not with their fore-feet, but with their mouths. From this he concludes that the gorilla, being only an ape, ought not to conduct itself like a cat or a dog,—ought neither to paw nor bite. It so happens, however, that all monkeys do both the one and the other; and the gorilla, having fore-hands of enormous strength and hind-ones of comparative weakness, with teeth approaching to carnivorous, if he fight at all, is quite sure to obey the instincts of the family to which he belongs, that is, both paw and bite. Mr. Waterton repeats what we all know, that the family of apes are naturally timorous. So is the wild elephant, the wild boar, the wild bull, but the solitary elephant, the solitary boar, and the solitary bull are sometimes very formidable animals, and so, for aught we know, may be the solitary male gorilla. With all his tropical experience, Mr. Waterton is clearly out of court.

Some anonymous critics have made a few objections on which we intend to offer such comments as they are worth. Out of the seventy-four illustrations of M. Du Chaillu's book, three or four are taken from the works of M. G. St. Hilaire without acknowledgment by the engraver in copying, although the author's obligations to that writer are amply made in the text. There are some anachronisms in the book greedily seized upon as if they were substantial evidence of falsification. The work, we understand, was compiled in America from a vast mass of notes. In doing so, M. Du Chaillu—who speaks English fluently, although his native language is French—judiciously employed a friend familiar with the language of the people whom he was to address, to assist him. This was exactly what any man of sense and modesty would have done under the circumstances. The greatest linguist of our age, Sir William Jones, did so when he wrote French, and acknowledged that he had done it. The wonder to us is not that there are a few, but so few misprints in a work compiled in haste and approaching to five hundred pages.

Among the exaggerations charged against M. Du Chaillu is one respecting a leap of twenty-four feet and another of thirty, which he states were performed by a certain species of wild boar. Because these distances are the utmost that a horse can jump horizontally, it is sagely concluded that they must

be impossible to a pig. But it appears plainly enough from the context that the leaps of M. Du Chaillu's African hog were from an acclivity, and such as in this country a fox pursued by hounds and hounds in pursuit of a fox are not unfrequently seen to take. By the way, this pig of the leaps, with a white face, is the same that the naturalist of the British Museum claims as, if not identical with, a specimen in his own keeping with a black face, at best but a mere variety of it, and thus he makes "white" black" and black white to suit his own desperate purpose!

From the same class of critics we find it objected that a trap for catching gazelles should be represented as a mile long. M. Du Chaillu describes in some detail the kind of contrivances resorted to by the negroes to ensnare the leopard, and in which the gazelle is sometimes caught, and he adds: "I afterwards saw such traps for the smaller beasts quite a mile long, with various openings, all turning inwards, and admitting but not emitting the bewildered prey." M. Du Chaillu may be wrong in calling such contrivances a trap, but if he be, he errs with those who give the same name to the huge system of snares by which the Indian elephant is captured, for as "elephant traps," and by no other name, are they known to the English. The party who made this objection, it is certain, never could have seen any thing of the kind bigger than a mouse-trap.

The next and the last objection to M. Du Chaillu's narrative which we need notice is not only a very minute but a very dishonest one. This represents him as recommending two tablespoonfuls of arsenic as an excellent febrifuge. A negro in the service of M. Du Chaillu stole what the author estimated at two tablespoonfuls of the arsenic, which he threw into some goat's-flesh soup. M. Du Chaillu partook of the soup and was instantly dead-sick, and justly ascribes his escape from death to the over-dose, which, acting as an emetic, freed him at once from the greater quantity of the poison. It took M. Du Chaillu three weeks to recover from this attempt to poison him, and he very idly in our opinion attributes his recovery to the effects of the arsenic as a febrifuge, whereas it is plain enough that he recovered, not through the arsenic, but in spite of it. It

is equally plain that the inventor of such a spiteful misrepresentation as this attempts to poison reputation with a venomous dose that carries its own cure.

For our own parts, we confess that we prefer to the opinions of any of the known or nameless naturalists who have attacked M. Du Chaillu, those of such men as Professors Owen and Huxley, and from the deliberate opinion of the former of these philosophers we see no reason for withholding our most cordial assent: "Whether one judges of Du Chaillu by personal intercourse, by his material evidence, by what he appears to have seen of the living habits of the animals he describes—testing those accounts by what we know of their structure,—or by the incidents and style of the narrative, he impresses one with the conviction that he is a truthful and spirited man of honor and a gentleman. This collection is the most interesting illustration of the lower creation that has ever reached Europe, and has added considerably and in very important respects to our knowledge."

From The Press.

We fear M. Du Chaillu has been too long among the gorillas. The Ethnographical Society makes it a business to "survey mankind from China to Peru," and has doubtless become tolerant of many strange customs. But even this cosmopolitan assembly of savans was shocked out of its propriety on Tuesday by the extraordinary mode in which the great gorilla-hunter maintained the originality of his book and the truth of his statements. Mr. Malone's interpellations were very offensive, and we believe utterly unwarranted by the facts of the case: there is something supremely ridiculous, too, in so great a strife being occasioned by a difference as to whether or not M. Du Chaillu ever saw a harp made from the fibres of tree-roots. But what are we to think of M. Du Chaillu's excited rejoinder, that "there are many persons who dare to vilify an author who are afraid of pistols!" Still more, what are we to think when we read that at the close of the meeting, after he had time to cool, "M. Du Chaillu stepped over the benches and chairs to where Mr. Malone was standing, and after touching him on the shoulder, shook his fist in his face, asked

him how he dared to speak of him in the manner he had done, and spat in his face!" And as Mr. Malone, in great astonishment, said he must appeal to the Chairman for protection, the infuriated hunter of gorillas shouted after him, "Coward! coward!"—as if he thought a literary quarrel in a learned society ought to be settled directly by a little pistol-shooting in a side-room. We regret that so distinguished a traveller and author should so disgracefully forget himself, and suggest to an English public whether the gaseonading spirit of his Gallic blood has not been intensified and degraded by his naturalization in the land of the bowie-knife and his sojourn in the country of the gorilla. But perhaps we are too severe. Spitting is an American institution: Yankees may be seen on the deck of their steamers amusing themselves by spitting "abstractedly" at the locks of their own portmanteaus. It is also, as Mr. Petherick tells us, an African mode of greeting—spitting in the hand being the positive degree of deferential welcome, and spitting in the face the superlative. But we don't relish these foreign manners; and, if M. Du Chaillu does not wish to appear in the police courts, he had better abandon them, whether they be French, African, or American.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

(Written in the Rooms of the Geographical Society, in the presence of Du Chaillu's Collections.)

WESTMINSTER Clock proclaims the close of day;

The Secretary's gone to get his tea;

The visitors drop, one by one, away,

And leave the place to silence and to me.

What specimens are these that meet my sight—

What's this collection the apartment holds?

These rude cartoons, where passing human height,

The huge Gorilla his long arm unfolds?

Upon these walls thus vauntingly displayed,

Why should those ill-stuffed skins their places keep?

Shall shallow Chaillu *our* domain invade,

And into fame as a discoverer leap?

Shall these Gorilla tales that move my scorn,

On Murray's page by thousands thus be read?

And Zoölogie bays by him be worn

That ought, by rights, to grace another head?

For him no cash shall new editions earn,

Decked with engravings cribbed from St. Hilaire:

No more shall London Lion-hunters burn

With this Munchausen their repasts to share.

His borrowed plumes I'll make this jackdaw
yield,
Against his credit deal a sturdy stroke—
Drive his o'erdone Gorilla from the field,
Puff out his puffs, and end his tale in smoke.

What though an Owen set store by his toil,
His credit though a Murchison assure?
His specimens I'll view with scornful smile,
Pronounce them known,—nor only known,
but poor.

Cannibal Fans in public faith I'll lower,
Who can believe in Ghouls that rob the grave?
I'll make him prove where he spent every hour—
Nor yet believe him—though the proof he
gave.

I'll make a mountain of each molehill fault,
And o'er it scientific outcry raise:
Visit his slips with merciless assault,
And damn his merits with the faintest praise.

Believe who will Gorillas beat their bust,
Till three miles off you hear the pent-up
breath:
That Tschiégo-mbouvés in leaf-shelters thrust
Their heads (by Wolff drawn, not from life,
but death).

I can't deny that the Gorilla's made
Too like a man complacency to inspire;
Although, his cerebellum brain-o'erlaid,
Than highest Ape, makes lowest Nigger
higher.

But the Gorilla has been known this age
By specimens on each Museum roll:
Men have kept young Gorillas in a cage,
And found them docile creatures on the whole.

Full many a Tschiégo-mbouvé here has been
(Though doomed Chimpanzee's common name
to bear),

And Kooloo-Kambas here in numbers seen,
Have made the Zoölogic Gardens stare.

With Nyaré, that for bush-cow confest
Tame as an Alderney or Ayrshire stood:
Potamocheerus albifrons, at rest
In Regent's Park, with tusks untaint of blood.

Int'rest of reading thousands to command
From fields of fact to fancy's realm to rise,
To rank as wonders of an unknown land,
And blaze transfigured in Du Chaillu's eyes,

Their lot forbade,—nor circumscribed alone
Their reputation, but their limbs confined:
In Regent's Park as common creatures known,
And seen by all, to pay a bob inclined.

Across Du Chaillu's equatorial life,
Poor brutes, they have not had the luck to
stray,
But pent in cages led a dreary life
Where Sunday loungers flirt the hours away.

For me, who up to all things, live or dead,
Against Du Chaillu my objections state;
Should you inquire—towards the Museum led—
Wherefore my indignation is so great,

Haply some kind zoölogist may say,
"Oft have we known Old Gray his angry
horn
Level at aught that came across his way,
When roused to sudden spite, or spleen, or
scorn.

"Running a muck at all within his reach,
The victims of his wrath he'd toss sky-high;
And take uncommon liberties of speech,
For which he would be sorry by and by.

"Large was his knowledge, and his soul sin-
cere,
But he had faults of temper to amend;
His logic, often, the reverse of clear,
His language, often, likely to offend.

"No further seek the quarrel to disclose,
Which 'gainst Du Chaillu bade him raise his
rods,
In fight when Owen, Gray, and Huxley close,
'Twixt right or wrong who shall declare the
odds?" —Punch.

REMEMBER!

We go,—but we leave in our places,
All, all the familiar old faces;
And it seems, as we hear the drums beating,
That their echoes are ever repeating,
"Remember!"

We leave them in all their desertion,
To hard and unwonted exertion,
With no husband or father beside them;—
Let not any evil betide them.

"Remember!"

We leave them to you who have mothers,
Wives, sisters—and oh! perhaps others,
Dearer, far dearer than life is,
And now, when our sorrow and strife is,
"Remember!"

Perhaps they need bread, perhaps raiment;
Then give, and trust God for repayment;
Your charity's scope is but narrow,
When God guardeth even the sparrow,
"Remember!"

Perhaps they are wailing in sorrow;
Your turn may perchance come to-morrow;
Then quiet their tears and their trembling
By gently and kindly dissembling!
"Remember!"

Perhaps they are weary of waiting,
Through long hours with all their sad freighting;
Go! lift up their hearts, and with cheering,
Kind words, raise them out of their fearing!
"Remember!"

—Vanity Fair.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

BRIGHT BELLINGHAM—by the by, he was no relation to the man who shot Perceval—had a capital business when steel engravings were respectably paid for, and an annual was thought the most indispensable part of the Christmas cheer in genteel houses. His plates were the glory of the *New Year's Garland*, the *Christmas Rose*, and half a score whose names I have forgotten. He was the chosen artist of fashionable Magazines, Court Albums, and Caskets of Beauty, which then abounded. Bright's income was consequently large, but unfortunately his outlay was larger. Mrs. Bellingham was no manager; moreover, she liked style and fashion; and Bright's wedded happiness had been rather amply crowned with nine daughters, to be finished, dressed, brought out, and got off, if possible. They lived in Bryanston Square, gave splendid parties, went to Ramsgate every summer, and to Brighton every winter; went up the Rhine, and down the Mediterranean; always hired a carriage for the season, and kept Bright bare and busy. In spite of his returns from the Garlands and the Caskets, Bright's Christmas bills were not always paid when the next came in; but the honest man did his best to make ends meet. He worked hard, and staved off creditors, took in pupils, of whom I was one; whereby I got acquainted with the family.

Bright was a small, genteel man, quietly vain of himself and that was his, the easiest flattered soul I ever knew, and generally good-humored when accounts were not troublesome. Mrs. Bright was a large, showy woman, made for the exhibition of dress and millinery. Nobody could set off gowns and bonnets to better advantage; and she lived in the persuasion that getting the newest fashions, and bringing out her girls, comprehended the whole duty of woman. There were five of the Misses Bellingham out when I had the honor of their acquaintance. They were all pretty, and regularly varied as to fair and dark, the one always coming next to the other. Of course, they all played and sang, dressed and danced, thoroughly understood the wheedling of papa when any thing new was wanted; and every one expected to captivate a lord. There was some controversy regarding the charms of

the Misses Bellingham in our studio; one voted for Florence, another for Charlotte, and a third for Clara, as the queen of beauty among her sisters. My convictions were in favor of the youngest, Miss Julia Jane—a curious combination of names, formed, I believe, by her father's anxiety to name one daughter—she was hoped to be the last—after a kind old aunt who had brought him up, and by Mrs. Bright's determination to have no vulgar names in her family. It was said she had taken strong measures to have the Jane dropped; but Bright remained faithful to his aunt's memory, and the young lady latterly preferred her vulgar name, because somebody—I charitably believe it was my cousin Hawkins—put it in her head that she bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Lady Jane Grey. If so, the luckless lady who lost her head by coming too near the crown, must have been lovely as well as learned, for Miss Julia Jane, when I first saw her, early in her seventeenth year, was as pretty a brunette as could be found in London; and though the smallest of the brought-out sisters, she was a good deal the liveliest, and the cleverest, too, in the opinion of us young men. I believe the four seniors snubbed her in a gentle, sisterly way; Miss Julia Jane didn't mind that. In the persuasion of her likeness to the ten days' queen, she took to studying Greek—I can't say with what success—contemned novels, read only the old poets, pronounced dancing frivolous, and when she could recollect her great character, looked uncommonly grave and sober.

Hawkins always insisted that a figure prefixed to a story in the *Casket* called the Queen's Revenge, and considered one of the highest efforts of Bright's genius, had been designed from her. We all thought Hawkins had authority in such matters; he was Bright's most promising pupil; and the little man, when he was in good-humor, used to prophecy a future of plates and vignettes for him sufficient to stir up our envy. Hawkins had personal advantages also: he was the handsomest and most dashing young fellow among us; it was our standing wonder where he got the money to dress so well, for Hawkins was an artist's son. His father had left him nothing but a mother and two sisters to do the best he could for; a couple of uncles in the city, who had never got on

in business; and a rising reputation cut down by the scythe of death. Mr. Bellingham received, according to advertisement, only a limited number of pupils. What the limits were, I never knew; but his terms were high, and Bright was so particular about antecedents and connections, that some people thought he had an eye to chances for his girls. Our number consisted of cousin Henry Hawkins, the promising artist; myself, who have since taken to business, and turned out a respectable city-man; young Serle, who was engraving mad then—he had been studying for the bar before, and afterwards became an M.D.; and lastly, Carl Werner, the German, from whom nobody expected any thing but awkwardness.

Werner's family had come from Hamburg, and settled in London about the time when the French occupation did such ill service to their city. They were all merchants in the Baltic trade; but Carl, like a true German, found out that the counting-house did not agree with his inner life, and took to engraving out of his moral consciousness. It was Mr. Bellingham's decided opinion that Werner never would be an artist. He paid the fees, however, went out and came in as quietly as the cat, worked away in a corner of the studio, from hour to hour, without looking up, while we three talked nonsense, discussed our acquaintances, or tried the boxing-gloves in the absence of our master. Being young men of genteel connections, and more or less eligibility, we had the honor of assisting at most of Mrs. Bright's parties. Even Werner was admitted to the select circle. She had made it out that his father had a paying business, and Carl was the only son; but in our designs on the hearts of the Misses Bellingham, none of us stood in dread of Werner. He was tall, loose hung, large-featured, gaunt, and stooping. For upsetting things, stepping on ladies' dresses, breaking glass or china, and putting the wrong word in the wrong place, I never knew his equal. Not that Werner was intentionally rough or careless; the damage he did troubled him more than anybody else; but by nature he was awkward in hand and foot, looks and tongue, and, to crown his charms, he had a slow, drawling manner of speaking, and a slight deficiency in the organ of hearing. The girls called him poor Werner. Mr. Bellingham said he

would never get beyond wood-cuts; but Mrs. Bright, especially after she had made out about his father, maintained that Carl Werner was a sensible young man; and I think she had designs upon him for the eldest daughter, Miss Florence, who had been out seven years, and had three broken-off engagements. Strange to say, notwithstanding his awkwardness, and our common belief that Werner was a nobody, Carl Werner was sensible. In all matters that required more than common judgment, in all difficult cases, scrapes, and misunderstandings, whenever judicious advice was wanted, and ways could not be seen clear, even the promising Hawkins consulted Carl without restraint and without reserve; for, besides being the best-natured fellow in the world, he had such sound honor and honesty, that no interest could prevent him from speaking exactly as he thought, and no bond was requisite to bind him to secrecy.

I learned to value him for those qualities after he made up a quarrel, which threatened to be serious, between Cousin Hawkins and me. If the truth must be told, it originated in a picnic at Hornsey Wood, and a flower that fell out of Miss Julia Jane's bonnet. Well, most men play the fool in like fashion some time in their lives. I had been thinking myself an ill-used man, and also of avenging my wrongs by shooting Henry; but having taken the precaution to consult Werner—I don't remember his arguments, for it is five-and-twenty years ago—he succeeded in convincing me that my cousin was not to blame; that girls would change their minds; that perhaps I had mistaken my position, and that it was beneath a man to quarrel about picnics and falling flowers. I suppose it was the service rendered on that occasion which made Hawkins apply to Werner in his perplexity some two months after. Lady Jane, as we called her, would not accept a ring or make an engagement without papa's consent, and Henry's prospects were not of the most brilliant order. Besides, Mr. Bellingham professed an objection to parting with his girls, except in due rotation, and beginning with the fifth daughter scarcely accorded with that family statute. But Werner was known to have influence with Mrs. Bright. There was no difficulty in asking his counsel, for he had no rival vanities: indeed, the honest fellow had never

been known to make the smallest advances to womankind but once, when he was found reciting part of a German play to Lady Jane in a corner of the back drawing-room, and caught the lively girl laughing at him in the opposite mirror. There was great fun among us concerning that recitation. Werner joined in it after his own wind-dried fashion, remarking, that from the glance he got of himself in the glass, it was no wonder Lady Jane laughed; but the passage was fine, if she had only understood German. Lady Jane got severely scolded by Miss Florence for the impropriety, but it was all over and forgotten before Hawkin's business came on. What advice Werner gave him, I cannot tell, nor what persuasions he brought to bear on the old people: but my cousin emerged from the back parlor one morning looking as if he had won some hard-fought field. It was afterwards observed that Miss Julia Jane wore a ring on the appointed finger; that her four seniors were out of humor for some time, and Mrs. Bright told everybody how ridiculous it was that that child should be engaged. They were to wait three years till Hawkins had a position; but before half the time, they got tired, as anybody would, of being always invited, and set together, quizzed, remarked upon, and made jealous, with the other amenities of engaged life. The Bellinghams were tired, too, and as Hawkins had made his *début* in the engraving world by illustrating Lord Petworth's "Ode to Spring" in the *Literary Diamond*—the plate consisted of a tree, a magpie, and two bunches of duckweed, but Bright said there was execution in it, and his prospects were begun—the young people were allowed to go to church and be made fast with the usual formalities.

I have always remarked, that when a set once gets broken by the migration or settlement of any of its members, the rest soon scatter away, and so it proved with the Bellinghams and their studio. A few years brought many changes to that select circle. Serle found out that the medical profession was the field for his talents; I discovered, with the help of a mercantile uncle, that business would pay me better than engraving; Werner finished his apprenticeship, and commenced his profession with all sorts of good wishes from his master, who, however, did not expect him, more than ourselves, ever

to finish a plate respectably. In the meantime, the day of Annuals was waning; Bright's plates were not paid for as they had been; and as family expenditure could not be diminished, the little man's difficulties increased to such a degree, that relations, friends, and pupils found it necessary to keep at a safe distance from him and his. I believe there were eventually writs and executions issued; but he escaped from them and his fair family by slipping quietly down the valley of the shadow, where bailiffs cannot follow, after an attack of bronchitis, about the time that Amulets, Gems, and Caskets were selling for Christmas. Their relatives, and everybody within their reach, had terrible work settling Mrs. Bright and her girls. They opened a seminary for young ladies, but it wouldn't do; they went out as governesses, and never kept a situation longer than the first quarter. I can't recollect all the varieties of lady's business in which they did not succeed, but five out of the eight got off by desperate exertions. I understand three of them were considered low matches, and not spoken of by the remaining trio—by the by, Miss Florence was one of them—when they and their mamma were finally established, to the great relief of their friends, in a small boarding-house at Broadstairs.

Before that happy arrangement was concluded, Serle had taken the degree of M.D. at the London University, married an alderman's niece, and bought a practice in Finsbury; I had entered into partnership with Clarke and Sons, and induced the eldest of Clarke's daughters to become Mrs. John Robinson; and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins were getting deep into the cares of the world, as represented by an uncertain income and an increasing family. Theirs was the most decided love-match of the three, and I believe they got on as well as most married people. It was true, Mrs. Bright heard and rehearsed some complaints of Harry's staying too late at the Social Bantams, and Hawkins' mother and sisters thought he might have got a better manager. The days of Lady Jane-ship were over with her; the time of white gloves and attitudes was gone by with him. The promising young man of our studio never attained to his master's place in the esteem of print-publishers—his plates brought in little—Julia Jane was not the best of house-keepers—there were five children in as many

years—the pair were getting careworn—and we, together with all their friends, wondered how long their heads would be kept above water. Sometimes I thought it served Lady Jane right for her behavior at the picnic; sometimes I pitied the poor little woman for having married the poverty-struck artist instead of his well-doing cousin. Mrs. John Robinson knew nothing of that; but it was a mighty puzzle to her how christening robes, birthday frocks, and similar contingencies could be got out of Hawkins' earnings, till one evening—I believe it was over gin and water—he let out to me that Julia Jane had an income. "We don't know exactly how it comes," said Hawkins. "Cuttleman and Co. pay her twenty-five pounds every quarter-day, and say they are bound in honor to tell nothing about it; but old Bright had a brother who disgraced the family by going to sea—before the mast, you understand—and never turned up since. That man had a great liking for Julia Jane in her infancy, and she believes the money comes from him; but we think it better not to talk of it; people might make misconstructions; and by all accounts, Uncle Bob, as she calls him, would be no help to a family's gentility." I promised strict secrecy; and except what Mrs. John did to circulate it among her private friends, the story of Cuttleman and Co.'s transaction was known only to us four who had got acquainted in Bright Bellingham's studio, and kept up the old friendship in spite of our far diverging ways.

I think Carl Werner kept the secret best; perhaps because he was the only bachelor amongst us. Poor Bright's prophecy, which had so signally failed concerning his son-in-law, proved equally wide of the mark with regard to him. From the time he commenced business on his own account, Carl worked away at the engraving silently and steadily, as he used to do, in the corner of the studio, made no acquaintances, looked after no young ladies; and if he had any amusement except perpetual smoking, an occasional trip to the theatre when there was a strong tragedy on, and a row up or down the Thames with a wherryman whose grandfather had come from Germany, no mortal could guess what it was. He worked, however, and maintained himself without a farthing from his family. The old gentle-

man in the Baltic trade had not exactly cast him off for taking to plates, but he left Carl to work out his own purpose with great philosophy, and sent to Hamburg for a nephew to fill the place destined for his son in the concern, and probably in his will also. Carl worked on, and in process of time it was discovered that the pupil whose *ne plus ultra* was to be wood-cuts, could do line-engraving in first-rate style, could give the best paintings to steel and paper, could form designs of his own which rejoiced the hearts of all who dealt in illustrated books. Carl's reputation rose, and so did his returns; but his mode of life never varied; he lived in two second-floor rooms in Craven Street, Strand, because the landlady understood him, and didn't object to smoke; he wore the same loosely-put-on-clothes, always rusty, and never made in the fashion; he came sometimes to see Serle, sometimes to see me, and occasionally asked us to his rooms, where things were wonderfully snug, notwithstanding undisturbed dust, and an atmosphere compounded of it and tobacco. From Hawkins he kept something like distance—we thought for fear of the professional patronage which might be wanted; for Carl was prudent, and understood how to save money. We knew he was laying up in some bank, but never could get the sum or purpose of his savings out of him: only once, when he had been working some years, Carl gave us to understand that the amount was considerable, that he had made his will, and constituted Serle and myself executors.

It was not twelve months after that disclosure, at which we had both laughed and wondered, when Werner was in the midst of a plate which was to fix his fame forever among the print-publishers, that he went down to Sheerness with his friend the wherryman one rough March day; and now it happened not even the newspapers could tell exactly, but the boat was upset in a squall somewhere off the Medway. The wherryman and two other passengers were picked up by a cutter's boat, but Carl was never seen till some days after, when a bargeman found his body floating out to sea. His father and family took charge of all that concerned the funeral. I believe there was some grief among them in a quiet German way; but Serle and I, being executors, had

his will solemnly read by a lawyer from Doctors' Commons, and found that, exclusive of a mourning-ring to each of us, and a trifling legacy to his landlady for understanding him and the smoke, the whole of his savings, amounting to three thousand pounds, which had been gathered out of his plates and designs through hard-working years, and lodged with Cuttleman and Co., were bequeathed to Mrs. Henry Hawkins, formerly called Miss Julia Jane Bellingham, in testimony of the friendship and respect entertained for her by her father's pupil. The testament concluded with a strict injunction to us to keep his drawings, but destroy all the written papers we should find, without allowing them to be seen by any eyes but our own. The drawings, as might be expected, were well worth preserving, for Carl was a born artist, and I have some of them yet; but the written papers consisted entirely of letters in his own hand, and in German; bundle after bundle methodically sealed with his crest; and all addressed to Madame Carl von Werner at half-a-dozen different streets and numbers, where we knew my cousin Hawkins had encamped; the latest being directed to his present residence, Filmore Terrace, Kensington. As executors, we had a right to look into that mystery, and we did it. Letter after letter was opened and read by us both. There was between Serle and me a smattering of German, so we understood enough to see that they were all addressed to his beloved wife, Julia Jane, who was separated from him

by what he called the malice of Fate; but they were to meet again at some indefinite time and place; and more loving, true-hearted letters I never saw.

"You see he never sent one of them, and she would not understand a syllable of them if he had. What a strange mode of building his castle in the air," said Serle. "I always did think that German play wasn't recited in the corner for nothing."

"Was he insane, Serle?" said I.

"Perhaps he was on that point, but Carl's insanity was not of a common kind. We had better burn these letters, and say nothing about them."

The letters were burned before we left the room, and Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins never knew any thing except that she had been left three thousand pounds by Carl Werner's will. Hawkins ever after spoke of him as a noble fellow; but his poor little wife, who had lived and borne up so well through their days of difficulty, sickened and died in the following autumn; and Henry, after doing the inconsolable for thirteen months, married advantageously into the family of a successful engraver, who had thought Carl a rival. He has since become in a manner successful himself; but the whole Bellingham lineage daily denounce him for not having shared Lady Jane's three thousand with them; and Serle and I, when we happen to be alone together—which family-men cannot often be—sometimes talk of those strange letters, and our poor friend the married bachelor.

ELOQUENCE OLD IN BOTTLE.—There is an experiment mentioned by *Walchius*, who thinks it possible so to contrive a trunk or hollow pipe, that it shall preserve the voice entirely for certain hours or days, so that a man may send his words to a friend instead of his writing. There being always a certain space of intermission, for the passage of the voice, betwixt its going into these cavities, and its coming out, he conceives that if both ends were seasonably stopped, whilst the sound was in the midst, it would continue there till it had some vent. *Huic tubo verba nostra insusurremus, et cum probe munitur tabellario committamus, etc.* When

the friend to whom it is sent shall receive and open it, the words shall come out distinctly, and in the same order wherein they were spoken. From such a contrivance as this (saith the same author) did *Albertus Magnus* make his image, and *Friar Bacon* his brazen head, to utter certain words. Which conceit (if it have any truth) may serve somewhat to extenuate the gross absurdity of that *Popish* relic, concerning *Joseph's* [Hah] or the noise that he made (as other carpenters use) in fetching of a blow; which is said to be preserved yet in a glass amongst other ancient relics.—*Bishop Wilkins' Secret and Swift Messenger.*

From The Athenæum.
ON POLYGAMY IN HEATHEN CONVERTS.

A Letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, upon the Question of the Proper Treatment of Cases of Polygamy, as found already existing in Converts from Heathenism. From the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. (Pietermaritzburg, Davis.)

THAT a bishop of the English Church can, under any circumstances, tolerate polygamy will appear to many persons rather startling. But the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, Doctor of Divinity, and Bishop of Natal, not only tolerates polygamy, under certain circumstances, but defends it on the ground of religion and humanity.

A well-known story represents the circumstances with which Dr. Colenso has to deal. An African chief is converted by missionary zeal to Christianity. But there is a difficulty. The proselyte has two wives. The Christian teacher tells him he must put one of them away, for the new law does not permit a man to have more than one wife. The chief is sorely perplexed. It is no easy thing to disturb domestic institutions, and the poor convert goes away to his home rather dark in the countenance. But a light fell suddenly upon him; and when next he met the missionary his eyes were wild with joy. "Me bery good Christian now," he shouted; "me only one wibe."—"Ah, very well," says the missionary, "and what have you done with the other?"—"Oder," says the gleeful savage, "me ate her up—nice!"

This story, which may not be true in fact, must be allowed to be true in spirit. How, except by eating them, is an African or Fijian convert to get rid of his superfluous wives and concubines? The difficulty has been felt by men wiser than those Fijian chiefs, with whose family affairs our correspondent, Dr. Seemann, has recently made us so well acquainted. The Grand Turk has had recourse to the Bosphorus, the king of Spain to the religious houses. A superfluous sultana might be sewed in a sack, and a discarded señora made a lady abbess. But the Fijian or the Kaffir is denied the more exalted conveniences or consolations of civilized life. A Kaffir wife does not like to go back to her father's kraal. Every missionary into heathen countries find this difficulty in his way. He goes into a community which is socially established, in which

the females are in excess of the males, and in which the chiefs and elders have many wives. He speaks to these persons of gospel truth and the beauties of a pure faith. They ask what they will have to do on becoming Christians. To put away their wives—all except one wife—is the first condition insisted on by the Church of England from all its converts. This is the language held to the Cherokee, the Dahoman, the Polynesian, the Santal, the Maori; and the almost universal first response to a proposal which appears to the unbeliever an outrage upon Nature herself is, we are told, a refusal to hear any more. The love for wife and child is a fixed fact. Veneration for an abstract truth, of which the savage mind has at best only a dim perception; has little chance against such strong realities, and the heathen who is asked by a missionary to break up his household, put away his wives, and separate mothers from their children, as the preliminary of Christian baptism, only shakes his shoulders and passes on. This, we are assured, is the ascertained fact; and in the midst of our zeal for converting the savage polygamist, it is wise to look ascertained facts in the face.

Bishop Colenso thinks there is a cure for this great evil—a means of removing this great obstacle in the way of conversion. He would tolerate polygamy; and he believes that he has found good reason in the Bible, in history, and in social philosophy for a toleration which, it is impossible to deny, many persons of liberal mind will condemn as excessive. He says: "It is nearly twenty years since the subject was presented forcibly to my mind by the account, which I received from a Church of England missionary, of the painful way in which he himself had been obliged to enforce the rule of 'putting away superfluous wives before baptism' among the North American Indians. Since that time I have pondered much upon the matter, and sought information upon it from various quarters—from the Scriptures and ancient fathers of the church, from the writings of modern theologians, and the experience of missionaries, and especially, of late years, from natives themselves, in daily familiar intercourse with heathens and converts from heathenism. And the conviction has deepened within me more and more, that the common practice of requiring a

man, who may have more than one wife at the time of his conversion, to put away all but one, before he can be received to Christian baptism, is unwarranted by the Scriptures, unsanctioned by apostolic example or authority, condemned by common reason and sense of right, and altogether unjustifiable." In fact, Bishop Colenso considers polygamy to stand in the same relation to Christian ethics as slavery. Both are against the spirit of Christianity; neither is forbidden by the law. In the twenty years which the bishop has given to the consideration of this serious and important subject, he has learned to understand and to tolerate many things which must at first thought have been quite alarming. Those who have not gone through his experience, or made themselves masters of his authorities, will unquestionably demur to his conclusions. But he will not be driven from his positions by the mere cry of danger to morality, danger to the household affections, and the like. He is prepared, we dare say, to hear it said that he is worse than Brigham Young, and that his proper place would be a pulpit in the Mormon Church. Indeed, we should not be surprised to hear that in the minds of a certain kind of reasoners, this public defence of polygamy on the part of an English bishop, exceptional and conditional though it be, was considered to have an unconscious and yet philosophical relation to that singular outbreak of the Anglo-Saxon race towards the practice of a multiplicity of wives. There are others who will probably run from Bishop Colenso into a much larger argument; connecting this defence of polygamy, remotely, perhaps, and yet intelligibly, with the fact made known in the census tables,—and which lies at the root of all those Belgravian laments and legends about pretty horsebreakers, of which the newspapers are just now so full,—the immense excess of the female population. England had forty years of peace, and the end of this prosperity is, that we have half a million more females than males. Pretty horsebreakers and Mormon emigrations may be the results of that obnoxious fact. But no amount of Belgravian lamentation will put an end to the one, and no amount of preaching seems likely to stop the other. The lamentation is not confined to Belgravia. It will be found, by those who listen for it, in Bermondsey and

Paddington, and Whitechapel, in Manchester and Leeds, in Glasgow and Norwich. It is the surplus half-million that laments, and the voices of complaint rise up from every class. What can we say to it? Our institutions have no remedy for such developments. Our habits of thoughts have scarcely any tolerance for their discussion. What then? We see the results in those stubborn facts which under the disguise of social evils, pretty horsebreakers, and Mormon emigrants, have so lately offended our sense of true social decorum. Nature, we see, will always accommodate herself to actual facts. A twig will rend a rock, and a weak woman's yearning will rend the most solid institution. Against all counsels, all proprieties, we see the female tide set in towards Great Salt Lake. Under the new circumstances woman makes herself a new law. In the newspapers of this morning accounts appear of a Mormon party having left London the other day for Liverpool and Salt Lake City. Two thirds of this party are said to be women. It is impossible, we should say, to assert that this tendency of British women towards the domestic institutions of Utah is the result of profligacy. Ignorance may be the cause in part. But there are some who begin to see in it the probable operation of a general law. Is it the effect of a surplus half-million? Is Nature trying in this strange manner to accommodate herself to facts?

Our bishop's "Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury," though it has no direct relation to these topics, will inevitably, and against his wish, lend a new interest to their discussion, and perhaps borrow from the discussion a new source of interest for the problem it more particularly strives to solve.

In the letter which Bishop Colenso has addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury "On the Proper Treatment of Cases of Polygamy," he has thrown his conclusions into the form of twelve general propositions, numbered as follows:—

"(1). I hold that polygamy is forbidden, indirectly by the letter of the New Testament, and directly by the spirit of Christianity, as not being in accordance with the mind of the Creator, and the great marriage law which he laid down for man in Paradise; and that, consequently, it cannot be allowed to Christians to *practise* it in any form,—that

is, either first to enter into the state of polygamy, or to increase the present number of their wives. (ii). I find, however, that, under the Old Dispensation, polygamy was practised by eminently pious men, who, while continuing in that state, were singularly blessed of the Almighty, without a single word of reproof, or intimation of God's displeasure being addressed to them on account of it. (iii). From this circumstance, and the additional facts, that passages occur in the Mosaic Law, expressly recognizing the existence of polygamy, and that not a word is found in the law or the prophets, denouncing or in any way condemning it, I am led to conclude that, though not in accordance with the mind and will of the Creator, it was yet suffered by him to endure for a season, and is not to be regarded by us as being, in all cases and under all circumstances, (that is, without reference to the knowledge of his will, possessed by the persons who practise it,) sinful and displeasing in his sight. (iv). I am confirmed in this view by finding that, whereas the Mosaic Law punished *adultery* with death, no punishment of any kind is assigned in it to the polygamist; and polygamy is only noticed in the law, to correct certain evils connected with it. I conclude, therefore, that polygamy was not considered to be *adultery*, in the case of the Jews. (v). Neither is it to be considered adultery among the Kaffirs and Zulus, who, in fact, though heathens and polygamists, distinctly punish and condemn the adulterer. (vi). From the examples of the Old Testament, I infer that, though marriage, in the high and proper sense of the word, can only exist between one Christian man and one Christian woman, in which case it sets forth the mysterious union betwixt Christ and his church, yet there have been marriages of another kind, permitted, or at least 'winked at,' by Almighty God, 'in the days of man's ignorance,'—marriages which were lawful and binding, though not made according to the Great Marriage Law of Paradise. (vii). I believe the marriages of the Kaffirs and the Zulus to be precisely of this kind, and very probably derived from the days of Abraham himself, through their Arab descent. (viii). It is certain that such marriages cannot be violently broken, without very serious wrong and injury to the wives put away against their will, and to their children. (ix). Hence, in dealing with the case of a polygamist convert from heathenism, we have to choose between two evils: either we must allow him to retain his wives and children, and discharge his duties towards them, until it pleases God himself in his providence to interfere, and release him from his obligations; or we must compel him

to commit an act or acts of cruel hardship and wrong to others, and dismiss his wives and children, perhaps, to rot and perish in the abominations of heathenism. (x). I find no direction of the apostles, and no authority of the ancient church, to guide me in this difficulty. (xi). But I find a case somewhat similar provided for by St. Paul, who strictly charges a Christian to marry 'in the Lord,' yet allows, nay, requires, a Christian who has married a heathen before baptism, to retain his wife unless she chooses to leave him,—however strange and unhallowed such a connection may seem to us, however likely to interfere with his own progress, and to corrupt the morals of his children,—and a Christian wife, in like manner, to remain with her heathen husband. And I find also cases of *incestuous* marriages, contracted before conversion, which were allowed in former days, in our own English Church to continue after the reception of Christianity. (xii). Under these circumstances, and considering that polygamy was tolerated by the Almighty in the case of so many good men of old, and that, consequently, it is not sinful and wicked in itself, and contrary to *all* religion, though it is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, whereas acts of injustice and wrong are positively sinful and wicked, and contrary to religion itself, as well as to the spirit of Christianity, I believe it to be the lesser evil of the two, and, indeed, the only righteously possible course, to allow a polygamist convert, whose wives do not choose to leave him, to retain them, with the understanding that he shall take no more, exhorting him to endeavor, by God's grace, to live as a faithful servant of the Most High among them, according to the light vouchsafed to him, and like the polygamist Abraham of old, "to command them and his children after him, to do justice and judgment, and to keep the way of the Lord."

On the first point we suppose there will be little or no difference of opinion in the Church. Indeed, it will shock most people to find that a clergyman should think it necessary to declare his conviction that a Christian cannot lawfully marry more than one wife. The remaining propositions will, we think, meet with much censure. It is well, however, to say that Bishop Colenso's twenty years of research have produced a mass of learning on the subject, and an appearance of authority in favor of his views, not to be easily or hastily impugned.

For the period of the Old Testament, the bishop relies very much on the case of David:—

"When David received for the first time the great promise of the Messiah, he too was a polygamist, and had long been so. For two chapters before the above promise is recorded, we are told that 'David took him more wives and concubines out of Jerusalem;' and two chapters again before that, we have given the names of six wives, whom he had married previously to these,—two of them during his sojourn in the wilderness, when he had daily close communion with God, and wrote so many of the sweetest of the songs of Zion. Again, we have, at least, two passages in the Mosaic Law, which expressly recognize polygamy as freely permitted among the people of Israel. Thus we read, 'If he take him another wife, her food, her raiment, and her duty of marriage shall he not diminish;' and 'If a man have two wives, one beloved, and another hated, and they have borne him children, both the beloved and the hated, and if the first-born son be hers that was hated; then it shall be, when he maketh his sons to inherit that which he hath, that he may not make the son of the beloved first-born, before the son of the hated, which is indeed the first-born.' And these passages occur side by side with others which denounce most severely the sin of *adultery*, and punish it with death."

The passage of Leviticus xviii. 18, "Neither shalt thou take a wife or woman to her sister, to vex her during her lifetime,"—has been quoted as an authoritative prohibition of polygamy. Bishop Colenso, however, quotes from "Patrick's Commentaries" an exposition of this text more favorable to his own construction of it. Patrick says of the desire to receive these words of the law as a condemnation of polygamy, "There are such strong reasons against it, that I cannot think it to be the meaning. For, as more wives than one were indulged *before* the law, so they were *after*. And Moses himself supposes as much; which plainly intimates an allowance in his law of more wives than one. And so we find expressly their kings might have, though not a multitude. And their best king, who read God's law day and night, and could not but understand it, took many wives without any reproof. Nay, God gave him more than he had before, by delivering his master's wives to him. And, besides all this, Moses speaking all along in the chapter of consanguinity, it is reasonable to conclude that he does so here, not of one *woman* to another, but of one *sister* to another, there being the like reason to understand the word

'sister' properly in this place 'a woman to her sister,' as the words 'daughter' and 'mother,' where he forbids a man to take 'a woman and her daughter,' or 'a woman and her mother.' The meaning, therefore, is, that though two wives at a time, or more, were permitted in those days, no man should take two sisters, as Jacob had formerly done—that is, two sisters at one and the same time—one of them 'during the lifetime' of the other." And the Bishop of Natal adds to this reasoning of Bishop Patrick the fact "that the Mohammedan law copied, no doubt, from the Jewish, forbids a man to 'take to wife two sisters, *except what is already past*, for God is gracious and merciful."

Coming down to the New Dispensation, Bishop Colenso is equally unable to find in the teachings of Christ and his apostles any distinct condemnation of the system of polygamy. With regard to the teachings of Christ, he says:—

"The Jews, in our Lord's time, were in theory, at least, decided polygamists, though it may be doubted whether many of them were actually living with more wives than one at the same time. It would seem that they rather practised polygamy by the more economical way of divorce, putting away one wife easily, without cause, in order to marry another. Justin Martyr, indeed, speaks of the 'foolish and blind teachers of his people, who even until now allow each man to have as many as four or five wives at once;' and again, he writes about a man's 'taking to himself as wives, *whom* he would, and *how* he would, and as *many* as he would, such as men of your (the Jewish) nation do, who, in every part of the world, wherever they have come or are sent, take to themselves women, under the name of matrimony.' Maimonides also (quoted by Jebb, in his note on the above) says: 'It is lawful for a man to marry any number of wives, even a hundred, whether all together, or one after another; nor has the first-married wife any power of hindering this, provided he has the means of supporting them.' It is certain, then, that the practice of polygamy was recognized as perfectly right and lawful by those to whom our Lord addressed his discourses. And yet, if it was very common, it is strange that we have no direct reference to it in any part of the New Testament, except in the controverted passage, of which I will speak presently. We know that Herod the Great had nine wives at one time. And it can scarcely be doubted that among the richer Jews would be found some who lived in like manner,

with two or more wives at once, as their own law and customs permitted. In later days, it is true, polygamy was strictly forbidden, and expressly among the Jews, by the laws of the Roman Empire. But there was nothing now to prevent it. And though, doubtless, the great body of those who attended on our Lord's ministry were the poor, who were content with one wife from necessity as much as from choice, yet he not unfrequently addressed the wealthier classes, the Scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees, some of whom, it can scarcely be doubted, were then living in the actual practice of polygamy! How remarkable it is that we do not find a single word of censure passed by him on this practice! He says not a word on the subject of polygamy; though indirectly he teaches the true lesson of married life, when he asks, 'Have ye not read that he, which made them at the beginning, made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.'

In the writings of the apostles, our bishop tells us there is "not a single direct reference made to the practice of polygamy (though it was certainly allowed among the Jews, and probably among other Orientals, as the Arabians, with whom the missionaries of the church came in contact in those days), unless it be 1 Tim. iii. 2, and Tit. i. 6, where the rule is laid down, that a bishop (presbyter) or deacon must be the 'husband of one wife.'" Nor were the Fathers more explicit as to the doctrine or practices of the early Christians. Our bishop adds: "I have not been able to meet with a single passage, in the writings of the ancient fathers of the church, to throw light upon this question."

The bishop's conclusion is, that polygamy was tolerated for a time among the converts of Christianity,—a conclusion for which the Mormon Church will be very much obliged to him, whatever may be thought of his labors by our own Convocation.

We may quote this evidence adduced from Dr. Wolff:—

"A few facts, bearing upon this question, have come to my knowledge with respect to the Eastern Church, beyond the boundaries of the Roman Empire, through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Wolff, who has obliged me with the following communication: "When in 1825, in the monastery of Etsh-Miazin, and again with Archbishop Narses at Teflis, and with the Bishop of the Armenians at

Nakht-Shawan, I made myself acquainted with the history of *Armenia*, by perusing the writings of Agatanghekos, Khorinazi, Serape, Ardal, and Apkar. And by this means I became acquainted with these rules on bigamy [already stated by Dr. Wolff, in a number of the Col. Church Chron., and agreeing with the practice which I advocate]. I may also add, that I heard in Abyssinia, from the learned priests there, that neither Takle Haymanot, the great *Ethiopian* apostle, among the Gala, nor Ferenenatus (Frumentius) among the *Abyssinians*, ever required the converts to divorce their wives, when more than one previous to their conversion.' This would tend to show that among *three* nations, whom the gospel found practising polygamy, the *Armenians*, *Ethiopians*, and *Abyssinians*, the early missionaries of the church acted on the principle of not interfering with the domestic arrangements already in existence."

A main part of our bishop's letter is concerned with the people of his own African diocese. One of the modes of obtaining converts, practised by some missionaries, is to receive runaway girls from the kraals; but the following passage contains not only a distinct disavowal of this bad practice, but a curious reading of an old story:—

"My experience has taught me that it is not desirable to have much to do with runaway children of this kind. They may, indeed, in some instances, settle down quietly enough on the Station, if they happen to form connections with some of the Christian young men, who are looking out for wives, and are ready to produce the cattle required by the parents. But in other cases, nature is too strong to be kept in bonds merely by the girl's own wish for teaching. And, being at liberty to go whenever she likes, the desire is re-awakened after a time for the freer habits of native life. The dread of 'cruel usage,' at all events, is found not powerful enough to keep them from going back to their kraals, unless strengthened by the fact that they are able to find husbands at the Mission Station."

The strength of those natural affections against which the missionaries bent on preaching a monogamatic creed have to wage war, is well shown in a dialogue quoted by the Bishop:—

"In order to show the true position of the wife in the eye of a native polygamist, I cannot do better than quote the following conversation, which I held, in the presence of Mr. Shepstone, with the chief, Zatsshuke, a

most respectable and worthy heathen. — ‘Some people say that you, Zulus, “buy and sell” your wives like cattle and other things. Is this true?’ — ‘Some white people do say this of us. But it is quite untrue. They do not understand us. We do not “buy and sell” our wives at all, though we do give cows when we marry.’ — ‘To whom do the cattle go, when a girl is married?’ — ‘To the father of the girl, if he is living; but, if not, then to her elder brother, by the same mother. For they do not belong to the father, except in certain cases, though he takes care of them while he lives. They belong to the girl’s house—to the family from which the girl comes.’ — ‘Who is over that house?’ — ‘The mother of the family, while she lives, and, after she is dead, the elder brother.’ — ‘When you marry, do you consider that you marry for life?’ — ‘Yes, for life: we intend that when we marry.’ — ‘But do you not send away your wives for very trifling causes?’ — ‘No; we do send them away, but not for small causes. In most cases the wife is dissatisfied, and goes.’ — ‘For what causes, then, do you send them away?’ — ‘If she has an unbearable temper, so that no one can live with her, or if she commits adultery.’ — ‘Does a man, who sends away his wife, get back the cattle he has given for her?’ — ‘Yes, if she has been in fault. If there is a dispute, the chief of the tribe decides that. But he cannot get back the cows, if she has borne him a child.’ — ‘Do you send them away when they are old and worn out?’ — ‘No, certainly not.’ — ‘But do they not themselves, when they get old, leave their husbands?’ — ‘No, they will die with them.’ — ‘Where do they live then?’ — ‘If the husband is a poor man, they will live with him in his kraal. But, if he is rich, then each wife has a kraal of her own, and lives with her eldest son and other children, and she is the head of this kraal, and looks after the family.’ — ‘How many wives have you, Zatsuke?’ — ‘Seven.’ — ‘Have you ever put any away?’ — ‘No.’ — ‘How old is the eldest?’ — ‘I married her when Dingane came into power (1828). She is an old woman now.’ — ‘Don’t you think of putting her away, now that she is old and useless?’ — ‘I would rather say, let us be killed together.’ But is not the man bound to make the sacrifice required of him, as the very test of his acceptance of Christianity, however much his best feelings may be hurt, and his affections wounded? Must he not be ready to give up all,—to cut off his right hand, and pluck out his right eye, if the gospel demands it,—to forsake father, mother, wife, or child, if need be, in the service of Christ? Yes, if it be indeed in the service of Christ,—if the sacrifice required of him, however painful to himself,

be such as the gospel demands, such as he has any right to make. But I deny that the gospel demands such a sacrifice as this. I deny that it authorizes or enjoins him to cut off, or pluck out, *another person’s* right hand or right eye, to save his own soul.”

The practical difficulties are very great, as the least consideration serves to show. If a convert is made the missionaries have to consider what he shall do with his wives. Put them away—come out of sin, and be clean, is the common cry of men who have never been asked to part from wife or child. And which of his wives shall he put away? Shall he keep the first wife, or the prettiest wife, or the best-beloved wife? Our bishop says:—

“Among those missionaries who advocate ‘putting away,’ various plans are adopted for deciding who shall be kept, and who rejected. Some there are, who uncompromisingly insist that the *first* wife is the only true wife, and that she alone must be retained, and all the rest dismissed. And yet the first wife of a Kaffir is very seldom his chief wife (upon which point see Mr. Shepstone’s letter, p. 26). She may, perhaps, be one of his dead brother’s wives, whom he has married (in accordance with the old Jewish custom) to ‘raise up seed to his brother.’ She may be old, or she may be barren; while each of the younger wives, who must be ‘put away,’ may have a family of children. Or she may be a heathen, and the second be the loved wife and a Christian, yet both have children, and both desire to abide with the husband. Others have suggested (and this certainly accords best with the principle of ‘self-denial’) that he should be required to choose that wife of the whole number, who is the feeblest of them all, and least able to provide for herself. Others lay down a rule directly the opposite of the last, and allow the man who is to ‘cut off his right hand, and pluck out his right eye,’ to choose *which he likes best* to keep, and sacrifice the rest, as if they were so many cattle, of which he might select the primest and youngest. Others again, wishing to avoid the injustice of any selection, where all have been taken as wives on the same understanding, have counselled that all should be ‘put away’ together, and the man be not allowed to retain any one of them.”

The bishop’s own plan is to let the convert keep his wives; and he wishes to obtain for this practice the general sanction of the English church. We cannot say that he has converted us to this view of the church’s

duty in the matter. It is pretty certain, however, that the adoption of such a rule would smooth the path of the missionaries in dealing with the heathens already married. If the savage were not asked to make sacrifices, he would probably take more readily to baptism and to the secular instruction which the missionary stations so abundantly and temptingly offer him. Whether it would lead to an increase of con-

verts among the unmarried is not so clear. We can imagine a young Zulu or Choctaw, a Dyak or Bheel, brought up by a converted father, relapsing into heathenism until he had stocked his kraal or hovel with wives. The question raised by Bishop Colenso is one of very curious interest, and one on which Convocation might be no less profitably employed than it has lately been on the seven Essayists and Reviewers.

Side Winds. By Morton Rae. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co., 66 Brook Street, Hanover Square.

A MORAL tale, in which an honest, sincere, and sensible clergyman takes, with a young lady to whom he is betrothed, an active part in producing the *dénouement*. The leading characters are two women—one a fashionable lady, neglected by her husband, and beset by the snares of a villain, who, at the same time he is seeking to mislead her, is offering his addresses to another—the second heroine—who has suddenly and singularly become the possessor of a large fortune. The contrast between these two women—the innocent but giddy wife, and the lady possessed of wealth—a scheming, heartless, ambitious worldly woman, is drawn with great tact and power. The manner, too, in which the naturally religious feelings of the one and the irregular sentiments of the other lead the first back to virtue and to peace; and urge the latter to persist in vice, with all its cares and troubles, is well and effectively described. There are some minor characters introduced, and very happily described—such as a fussy, dressy old lady—and a vulgar, plain-spoken, money-seeking, but still honest-hearted Yankee. "*Side Winds*" is a pleasant book to read. Its tone is excellent. It is inspired with a sound religious feeling, and has the singular merit of being utterly untainted with sectarianism. Its success, we hope, will be equal to its merits.—*London Review*.

Aunt Agnes; or, the Why and the Wherefore of Life. An Autobiography, by a Clergyman's Daughter. London: James Hogg and Sons.

THERE is not a single romantic incident in the story, from the beginning to the end. It is the account given by a clergyman's daughter of the fate and fortunes of her two brothers and a sister. It is a perfect picture of life—of a kind, good, and amiable family whose tranquillity is first broken by the marriage of the eldest daughter—the favorite child of her father and mother;

and whose loss to all, the old and young, the heroine is called upon to repair when she is no more than sixteen years of age. Her struggles in this position are admirably described, as well as when upon the death of her father and mother she removes to the house of her brother-in-law, and the death of a sister (married to a clergyman) compels her to undertake the difficult task of watching over her nieces and superintending their education. In all that relates to her brothers and sister and brother-in-law the story is exquisitely told, and cannot fail to be read with the deepest interest. The close of the book is not, however, equal to the commencement. It is filled with trifling incidents and still more trifling dialogues: the handsome niece "Fanny" becomes insipid, and the learned niece "Cecilia" a very great bore. The merits of the book are greater and more conspicuous than its failings; and we close its pages wishing well to "the clergyman's daughter," and hoping that she may be yet happily married to a certain "Major Beresford," to whom she was on the point of being united seventeen years previously, but with whom a misunderstanding then took place through the non-delivery of a very important letter. We know "why" she was left for seventeen long years to sigh, a sad, forlorn maiden; but we cannot discern the "wherefore" she should not now accept as a husband a gentleman who can appreciate her virtues.—*London Review*.

A CASE is about to be tried against the eminent firm of Didot and Co., Paris which presents considerable interest to the publishing trade. When the new edition of the "*Biographie Générale*" was about to be commenced, a prospectus was issued, stating that the work would not exceed thirty-two volumes; or, if so, as stated by the applicant, that the others would be presented gratis to the subscribers. The work has extended beyond the number indicated, and the question is to be tried before the Tribunal of Commerce.

From The Spectator.

THE LATE ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

It is very painful to record the death of one from whom we had hoped so much as from Mrs. Browning, in the fulness of her powers, and too soon, perhaps, for the perfect maturity of her rich unchastened genius. By far the greatest, if not the only, Englishwoman whose name deserves to be ranked among our genuine poets, Mrs. Browning had not learned the difficult lesson of strictly subordinating the great wealth of her creative fancy to the guidance of a calm and lucid intellect. This steady self-denial of the imagination was, perhaps, the only quality wanting to perfect a rare and unique, though a strongly marked and even eccentric genius. It was difficult to hope too much, though it might have been easy to hope in the wrong direction, from the authoress of *Aurora Leigh*. That extraordinary book, great alike in its merits and its faults, gave promise of the very highest excellence in one particular region of poetry, if the authoress should ever learn to be completely mistress of her own powers—to keep her teeming fancy true to the service of her own brightest thoughts. All these hopes are now wrecked. One of the very few truly creative minds of whom England could still boast—one who in poetic gifts ranked far above all her countrywomen, if not all her sex in this or any other age—has been taken from us at a time when we can ill spare her. In an age of dry and frigid criticism, the power and the passion of so noble a mind as Mrs. Browning's, even though its highest moods had not always the white simplicity of the fullest inspiration, is an influence which cannot be lost without leaving a deep consciousness of that loss in English society; and it is well that it should be so.

All that is known of Mrs. Browning's private life is little indeed compared with the knowledge of her mind, which any one who has read her poems with any thing like insight must have derived from them. Seldom have poems of any kind reflected more fully or more exclusively the personality of the poet than do those of Mrs. Browning. We have, however, one source of independent testimony, the recollections of her intimate personal friend, Miss Mitford, who thus describes her before years of suffering had

elicited the remarkable genius which years of happiness subsequently matured.

"My first acquaintance," she writes in 1851, "with Elizabeth Barrett, commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same, so that it was not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick that the translator of the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and the authoress of the *Essay on Mind*, was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language was out."

In the following year, which we infer was the year 1837, Miss Barrett broke a blood-vessel on the lungs, which refused to heal, though it did not lead to consumption, and she was ordered to spend some time at Torquay. During her residence there a tragical event, which permanently impaired her health and most painfully affected her imagination, deprived her of her brother. On a fine summer day the boat containing him and two of his companions went down, apparently without cause, in crossing the bar, within sight of the very windows of the house, and the bodies were never found. "This tragedy," says Miss Mitford, "nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. The house that she occupied at Torquay stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea, and she told me herself that during that whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying." For a period of many years afterwards she lived entirely in a darkened room, seeing only her own family and most intimate friends, but reading voraciously, and living in an imaginative world of her own. In one of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, she says, with strict autobiographic truth:—

"I lived with visions for my company,
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me."

This long recluse life accounts for the unique

and often eccentric character of much of Mrs. Browning's poetry. Like a plant that is reared in darkness, her imagination had grown into grotesque shapes in the absence of the healthy magnetism of the common sunlight, and when restored to the world it was not possible to restore at once the law of normal growth. One of her greatest delights was the study of Greek poetry and philosophy—we suppose on the principle of contraries—for never was there a more strongly marked specimen of the romantic imagination than Mrs. Browning's, or less trace of the influence of the classical school of poetry on an original mind. Yet numbers of her poems show the passionate love with which she had read Homer, the tragedians, and even the later Greek poets, especially Theocritus. The striking lines on the "Wine of Cyprus" contain perhaps the most concentrated evidence of these studies, and show the remarkable contrast between her own genius and her classic tastes:—

"As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

"And I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When betwixt the folio's turnings
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek."

About the year 1847, Miss Barrett married Robert Browning, the well-known author of *Paracelsus*, and went with him to take up her residence in Italy, first at Pisa, then at Florence, where she continued to live till her death. Here it was that she wrote most of her maturer poems, especially her greatest work, *Aurora Leigh*, and the little poem *Casa Guidi Windows*, suggested by the abortive Tuscan revolution of 1848-9. Mrs. Browning's sympathy with Italy was so deep and true that it led her even into the extravagance of addressing a kind of hymn to the present emperor of the French, for his intervention on behalf of Piedmont in 1859, the appearance of which, under the title of *Poems before Congress*, is still fresh in our readers' memory. English spectators were not able to share this enthusiasm, but Mrs. Browning's view was perhaps not much more false on one side, than the common

anti-Napoleonic hypothesis in England was on the other. *Casa Guidi Windows* will remain, however, the most popular of her political poems, though these are in every respect greatly inferior to those of pure imaginative sentiment. Still there is strength as well as eloquence in her rebuke to the party who resisted English intervention in Italy on the plea of the sacredness of peace.

"What! your peace admits
Of outward anguish while it sits at home!
It is no peace, 'tis treason stiff with doom;
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong,
Annihilated Poland, stifled Rome,
Dazed Naples, Hungary fainting 'neath the
thong,
And Austria wearing a smooth olive-leaf
On her brute forehead, while her troops outpress
The life from these Italian souls. In brief,
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteous-
ness,
Constrain the vanquished worlds from sin and
grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with
redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!"

Mrs. Browning died at Florence on the 29th of June last; she has herself delineated her own type of genius, and, with the fine passage to which we allude from *Aurora Leigh*, we will close this imperfect record of our own and England's loss. There was little of the calm joy of tranquil vision about Mrs. Browning's genius; her art was, as she herself delineates it, the overflow of long-accumulated suffering, and even her happiest efforts bear evidence of this painful travail. The following noble lines might well be selected as the best epitaph on her rich but turbid genius:—

"Art
Sets action on the top of suffering;
The artist's part is both to be and do,
Transfixing with a special central power
The flat experience of the common man,
And turning outward with a sudden wrench,
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing
He feels the inmost: never felt the less
Because he sings it. Does a torch less burn
For burning next reflectors of cold steel,
That he should be the colder for his place
'Twixt two incessant fires,—his personal life's
And that intense refraction which burns back
Perpetually against him from the round
Of crystal conscience he was born into
If artist-born? O sorrowful great gift
Conferred on poets, of a twofold life,
When one life has been found enough for pain!"

From The Saturday Review.
MRS. BROWNING.

MRS. BROWNING, whose death has caused general regret, was a genuine poetess, and no other Englishwoman has approached so nearly the higher regions of her art. From childhood her thoughts and dreams appear to have found their natural expression in verse, and her earliest poems are but fanciful representations of a simple girlish life. Almost all the descriptions of English scenery in her works refer to the beautiful district where her family resided under the western slopes of the Malvern Hills. Sheep-paths on mountain sides, gorse-blossoms and Herefordshire orchards, give an air of freshness and reality to many passages which might otherwise be censured as exaggerated and sickly; but her intellectual culture seems to have been derived from books rather than from external observation or from social experience. It may be collected from many allusions in her writings that she had in her youth read, not only the Greek classics, but the principal Greek Fathers of the Church; and although she probably never attained a scholarlike knowledge of the language, her studies indicate an extraordinary power of attainment, as well as an intellectual ambition in which few women could participate. Her acquaintance with the best models of language exercised no perceptible influence on her own compositions, for her style was always incorrect, careless, and essentially modern. A fine ear for verse was one of her most remarkable gifts, and her metrical taste seems in the first instance to have been formed from the flowing and musical rhythm of Shelley. In maturer years she felt, like all her contemporaries, the influence of Mr. Tennyson's genius, though some of her writings are constructed on the coarser and more artificial model of Poe, and her popular *Cry of the Children* belongs to the lachrymose school of Hood. Her latest works are most original in metre as well as in thought, and yet they derive additional interest from the constant traces which they present of entire sympathy and intellectual identification with the poet whose name she bore.

It would be improper to refer to Mrs. Browning's personal history, except in so far as it is recorded in her published writings. From the poems which were published in 1844, it may be collected that she then

suffered under a tedious and apparently hopeless illness. Her touching expressions of pain, of tenderness, and of piety, have perhaps attracted warmer feelings of regard from unknown readers than the more ambitious performances of a later and happier period. The weariness of the sick-room and the compulsory exclusion from society may account for a certain morbidness of tone, and also for frequent laxity of execution; but the plaintive poetry is too imaginative and thoughtful to degenerate into querulous utterances of personal suffering. If defects in verbal polish and accuracy allow the poems to survive, they will always possess a genuine attraction for the sentimental and the young. After her recovery and her marriage, it is well known that Mrs. Browning resided almost exclusively in Italy, and foreign life is almost more fatal to English associations than the confinement which is enforced by illness. With the true feminine instinct of clinging to what is nearest and most familiar, a poetess in voluntary exile soon concentrates her affections on her acquired home, and looks back on the country of her birth and her youth, like the Lotus-eater, with half-closed and dreamy eyes. Mrs. Browning's last poem incurred general censure for its negation of patriotism and its utter injustice; yet it was evident that her denunciations of her own country were the honest expression of an unconscious belief that England existed only for the sake of Italy or of Florence. The partiality and personal bias which affect the ordinary judgments of women may render their meddling with political questions inexpedient; but, when the interference occurs, honest prejudice goes far to excuse the mistakes which it causes. The literary disadvantages of a foreign resident consist rather in an involuntary alienation of thought from the images and feelings which belong to English life. In the poem called *Casa Guidi Windows*, Mrs. Browning assumes that her readers are as familiar as herself with Florentine allusions, and, in her ill-judged dithyrambs on the war of 1859, she frequently indulges in complimentary or ironical references to persons who are necessarily unknown to her countrymen and readers. Her tendency to exclude herself from the circle of English thought was probably increased by the example of a genius far deeper

and more comprehensive than her own. Mr. Browning's imagery and his subjects belong almost exclusively to the South of Europe, and the only considerable poetess who ever married an original poet may well be excused for copying, and perhaps exaggerating, his casual peculiarities.

Another drawback to Mrs. Browning's success may in some degree be attributed to the same natural influence. Mr. Browning, whether from the character of his mind, or from his long expatriation, seems deficient in the power of judging whether he has conveyed his meaning to his readers. The impenetrable obscurity of some of his allusions arises, not from confusion or vagueness of thought, but from imperfect sympathy with ordinary English minds. Like a careless teacher, he communicates a result without remembering that he has not explained the antecedent steps which can alone render it intelligible. In Mrs. Browning the habit of enigmatic utterance latterly became inveterate. Her most elaborate work, *Aurora Leigh*, is in great part composed of riddles which only zealous admirers are industrious enough to investigate and solve. The interlocutors in the poem, who discourse for page after page in far-fetched metaphors, will always be found, by a trial section, or occasional analysis, to have an intelligible purpose and meaning; but their thoughts and motives, in themselves essentially fantastical, are exchanged in an arbitrary dialect of harmonious euphuism. The story is impossible, the characters are monstrous, and the opinions which the poem is intended to enforce are utterly absurd and unreal; but the vigor, the fertility, and the musical skill of the writer are astonishing and almost admirable. *Aurora Leigh*, though by no means a great poem, contains abundance of genuine poetry, and, on the whole, it furnishes, as was

formerly observed, the most conclusive proof that no woman can hope to achieve what Mrs. Browning failed to accomplish. The common belief that women have little capacity for abstract reasoning is not inconsistent with the seeming paradox that the feminine intellect is sometimes, in the sense in which French politicians claim for themselves a similar quality, almost extravagantly logical. Once dissociated from special experience, it leaps from a hasty and incomplete premise to a positive conclusion, which is thenceforth maintained with singleminded intolerance. Limitations, exceptions, regard for prudence, allowance for the defects of human nature, all the considerations which determine the judgment of a sensible man, are beneath the notice of female martyrs to philosophy. Mrs. Browning's impetuous philanthropy is, on her own assumptions, perfectly symmetrical and consistent, although it happens to be inapplicable to the actual world. Her illusions were probably fostered by the accident that she lived and thought in one country while she used the language of another. Those who are least inclined to accept her doctrines will nevertheless willingly admit that all her impulses were noble and generous, and that her genius was singularly vigorous and active. From the whole tone and tenor of her recent writings, it may be hoped that in her later life she found abundant gratification for the demands of her moral and intellectual nature. The sympathy of friends, and those nearer than friends, who were worthy of all her affection,—abundant enjoyment of art, and consciousness of merited fame,—all the best pleasures of life were crowned by the wonderful regeneration of the country to which she had transferred her patriotic attachment. In English literature, as well as in Italian society, her premature death will leave a visible and melancholy blank.

THE celebrated daguerreotypist, Niepce de Saint Victor, has at last discovered the secret of reproducing colors by the camera, and rendering them permanent. He has subjected pictures taken by his new method for several hours to the direct action of the solar rays, without

producing any visible change in the tints. Blue, which has hitherto been regarded as well-nigh unattainable in the photograph, is now copied vividly. The same is especially true of yellow and green. The *Paris Moniteur*, which brings this intelligence, does not give the process.

From The Spectator, 6 July.

THE STORM-CLOUD IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

AFFAIRS in Austria seem ripening fast. For the second time in twelve years the king of Hungary has cast down the gauntlet to his subjects. Yielding, after a long hesitation, to the traditional impulses of his race, the emperor of Austria rejected the address of his Diet, and on the 1st inst. the rescript accusing its framers of treason and the Diet of disloyalty was read in Pesth. If the Diet will reconsider its language, it may continue to exist; if not, it will be at once dissolved. As usual in a crisis, the emperor seeks in Italian blood the aid his own subjects are powerless to afford, and Count Coronini is to do for Austria in Hungary what Eugene of Savoy did for Austria in the Low Countries. The Hungarian fortresses have been regarrisoned, and the state of siege is postponed only for the answer of the Diet. An appeal has been made to the Reichsrath, and Count Clam-Gallas, chief of the Austrian aristocracy, pledges the German population to a hearty support of the crown. On the other hand, the Hungarians are furiously excited. Their leaders can scarcely restrain the citizens from attacking detached parties of soldiers, and the levy of taxes by force will be openly resisted. It is just possible that M. Deak may devise a compromise which will hold back both parties till the Italians are fully armed, but the signs which precede civil war, and the rumors which herald its actual outbreak, are all once more abroad.

The single security for peace is the presumed inability of Hungary to fight, and of this too much is made. The Hungarians doubtless are in one or two respects in a worse position than in 1848. Then the national army stood on its own soil, a nucleus for the force which in a few months compelled the emperor to place his first kingdom at the feet of an ally. Then, too, the emperor was at war with sections of his remaining subjects, restraining Vienna as well as attacking Pesth, using martial law in Prague as well as flogging nobles on the Theiss. It is impossible to deny that the absence of an organized force places M. Deak at great disadvantage by the side of Kossuth. It is useless to question that the creation of the Reichsrath, vain as we may believe the concession to be, has strengthened the emperor's hand, that he will be supported this time not only by his

troops, but by the people from among whom those troops are recruited. But, on the other hand, the Hungarians have gained advantages which may compensate even for their great loss. They have linked themselves at last into the revolution. The Liberal party throughout Europe is watching them, not, as in 1848, as a nation fighting out an ancestral quarrel, but as a people striving for freedom against a government they nevertheless acknowledge. They have, too, acquired an ally, bound to their fortunes by links such as no diplomacy could weld. The rescript was read in Pesth on the 1st July. On the following day the premier of Italy rose to pronounce a speech which, if M. Reuter has done his duty, is a clear declaration of war. "We are arming," said the stern noble, with an audacity the world has not yet learned to expect from an Italian, "not only to defend our soil, but to restore it to its natural and legitimate boundaries. Europe," he continued, "will shortly acknowledge our incontestable right to perfect our independence." It is difficult not to believe that the speaker had heard the refusal decided on in the Austrian cabinet, and knew that his proud challenge, which in other days would have set loose the Austrian armies as certainly as the summer sets free the ice, was a summons to Hungary as well as Italy, would strike a note of encouragement in Pesth as cheerful as that it rings in Caprera. It is, at all events, certain that this is the permanent policy of the Italian ministry, that they look to the contest between Hungary and its king as the Venetian opportunity, and that they are prepared, if need be, to march to the deliverance of Venice at the head of the revolution. The power of such an alliance in furthering the Hungarian cause cannot be overestimated. It is not merely that Italy brings with her the aid of an army, which it will require half the strength of Austria to resist, with possibly a still more potent army in the background; it is not only that the Italian king is obeyed by a servant whose mere name acts like a spell on the disaffected of all races, and is as powerful among Croats as among Neapolitans; but the Italian government has been formed by accretion round an old and strongly organized monarchy, which can supply to allies the very requirements of which they stand in need. Italy can find Hungary generals, arms, cadres, and a battle-ground. It matters little whether the

contest be fought out round the Quadrilateral or at Pesth, and an Hungarian legion swollen by deserting regiments into an army, would find on the Mincio chiefs, artillery, and its foe. Nor is Hungary itself so powerless as martinetts believe. A nation of twelve millions, accustomed to arms, full of the military instinct, and protected by mountain and forest, is at all times, whether prepared or taken by surprise, a terrible foe on its own soil. Military occupation sounds formidable, but the military occupation of a country a third larger than England is an operation whose cost a government with ruined finances, and a commerce yet to create, may find it impossible to sustain. The worthy Germans who think the Hungarians uncivilized, because they prefer free speech to free speculation, and political knowledge to scientific thought, will bear anything sooner than effective taxation. The citizens of Vienna may be willing to crush Hungary, without being willing to contribute a house tax towards that end. The revenue of Venetia would be at once extinguished, while Bohemia and Galicia, and the rest of the heterogeneous provinces which the reigning house holds together by a sort of regal glue, will pay exactly as much as they are compelled to pay to maintain the unity their own representatives perpetually resist. Within a month of the commencement of war, Austria, unless she gains a victory so signal as to re-establish her credit, will be in the position of the government of France in 1789—bankrupt to the point at which daily cash is no longer to be procured. The great victory is of course possible; but with England and France hostile to invasion, Italy forgetting her factions in the common calamity, and the revolutionists of the world calling to arms, a great victory would not terminate all the hopes of the two nations. War, such as that of Austria against Italy, is not of the class which ends in a *coup d'état* in a tent at Villafranca. It is a struggle which the attacked may as well perish as lose, and in which the invader only enjoys the dangerous privilege of retreat. Austria defeated would be a dukedom, and, victorious, only the possessor of provinces drawing breath for the renewal of a strife which, in the nature of things, cannot end.

In rejecting the address, the emperor places at stake not only his dynasty, but the empire it has collected; and all for what? There is a strange opinion current in England that the

House of Hapsburg *must* coerce Hungary, or suffer the empire to sink into a powerless federation. Recent events have shown, however, that the danger of this result has passed, that there is a cohesion among the non-Hungarian provinces other than that produced by imperial authority. The Reichsrath can rule Austria peacefully enough, even if Hungary is permitted to rule herself. Suppose, therefore, the "wild" address not only received but accepted, in what position would the emperor have been placed? He would have been sovereign of two great countries, each sufficient to take a front rank in Europe, each contented with his rule, and bound together by an offensive and defensive alliance. In each his personal authority, though limited in the one case by ancient laws, and in the other by his own act, would still be far beyond that possessed by any constitutional monarchy, while in each it would have been possible to secure in the Diet an influence sufficient to make the sovereign the first and most effective of political chiefs. The dominions of the House would be as wide as they are now, and far more secure; the army as numerous, and far more loyal; the revenue as extensive, and far easier to collect. The action of the empire, even, would be nearly as rapid, for the emperor could commence offensive movements with his German soldiers, and leave to the Hungarian Diet the inevitable protection of his rear. The union of Austria and Hungary under the Hapsburgs would have been just as real as the union of England and Scotland under the Stuarts, and might have led to a similar end. The Germans do not despise the Magyars, or the Magyars detest the Germans, more than Englishmen and Scotchmen then contemned and hated each other. All just demands conceded, the conservative feeling, that loyalty which always tends to accrete to an ancient throne, would have revived with the strength of a reaction. With one king on both thrones, incessant intercourse through railways already constructed, common interests, and a common and liberal system of commerce, administrative disunion must at last have been an annoyance. There is no need to unite laws, or even to abolish a national tongue: German, as the medium of intercourse with Europe, is sure to become the *lingua franca* of Hungary, and in a century the House might have gained, with the consent of the people, the

object it has striven in vain for a century to obtain. Venetia, it is true, must have been held by German forces alone, but so it must now, and the retention of Venetia is not indispensable to the dignity of the empire it impoverishes. The province will certainly not be retained the longer because Hungary is eager to assist it to escape.

It seems almost incredible that a prospect so fair should be destroyed by the pride of the emperor and the political pedantry of his

advisers. The die has, however, been cast, and, however long the actual conflict may be delayed, there is henceforth war between the Hungarian kingdom and the Austrian empire. How long the flames may smoulder it is difficult to predict, but Italy and France have each too keen an interest at stake to suffer the fire to go out for want of stirring. Unless some wholly unexpected event should intervene, Austria, in the spring, will be once more on its trial for its life.

BOOKS WITHOUT INDEXES.—*Sir*: I beg you to call the attention of the most learned of the medical profession to an indication of mental obliquity upon the part of authors and publishers (especially those of the United States), which has already worked incalculable evil in the Republic of Letters, and threatens to work more. Within the last few years, as is well known to literary men, many authors who have devoted anxious days and nights of careful research to various departments of learning, have published bulky volumes professing to contain the results of such investigations, but presenting to the eye of the reader nothing save a confused mass of matter, almost totally useless for want of an alphabetical index. So much for authors; and if they be partially excused on the plea of that want of practical common sense to which mental abstraction is supposed to be unfavorable, what shall be said for publishers, men of business, who are sometimes found willing to risk their capital by printing—perhaps even stereotyping—such confused masses of matter, without insisting upon the addition of a copious alphabetical index?

Is it a fear of trouble upon the part of the author, a dread of expense on the part of the publisher, that disgraces literature by *indexless* books?

But will the author let the toil of years be lost to a large part of the world—for lost it surely is—rather than add a few days or weeks of labor to make the whole available? Will the publisher risk thousands of dollars on the plates of what should be a valuable work, and yet grudge the outlay of a few more dollars for the paper and print of an index? A man unaccustomed to books, after reading this article, would be apt to say—"Such stupidity is incredible; surely this writer cannot be in earnest." Alas, it is too true! I have known of instances where indexes were objected to by publishers, because they were too minute—took up too much room!

A carefully prepared index to a set of one of the most important of late American publications, was reduced perhaps one half, to diminish the expense of paper and print! An American editor of an English work, boasts, in the extreme of his stupidity, that he has saved the American purchaser of the book he edits the expense of an index!

Let the remedy be applied forthwith. Let Lord Campbell's proposition be carried out at once.

"So essential," remarks his lordship, "did I consider an index to be to every book, that I proposed to bring a bill into Parliament to deprive an author who publishes a book without an index, of the privilege of copyright; and, moreover, to submit him for his offence to a pecuniary penalty." (Preface to Chief Justices, Vol. III.)

After "author," above, add "or publisher," and let such a bill be passed at its next legislature by every state which boasts an author, publisher, and printing-press. What would be thought of an architect who built a large house and left it without staircases for exploration? What, then, shall be said of an author or publisher who sends a book into the world without an index?

S. A. A.

—*N. Y. Tribune*, October 27, 1860.

ANOTHER LOUIS XVII. has been discovered to swell the list occupied by the late Rev. Mr. Williams, among others. A watchmaker called Trévisan died lately in Zara, in Dalmatia, and on his death-bed communicated a secret that he was the unfortunate dauphin; that after escaping from that cobbler of bad memory, Simon, he went to London, thence to Scotland, and finally to Padua, where a married couple named Trévisan took him up and gave him their name. The authorities thought this story of so much consequence that they had his portrait taken and have instituted inquiries.

From The Spectator, 20 July.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE view we have taken from the first of the character and policy of the American President is strongly supported by his last message. Mr. Lincoln writes like a half-educated lawyer, and thinks like a European sovereign. It is difficult to imagine any thing more feebly diffuse than the long columns by which he justifies the war, or any thing more haughtily energetic than the single paragraph in which he demands means for carrying it to a successful end. That paragraph, explained as it is by the official reports of the secretaries of state, clears up all that was doubtful in the policy of the Cabinet, scatters to the winds all rumors of compromise, and declares that the American republic tolerates rebellion as little as any monarchy on earth. The President defends himself for his delay before the assault on Sumter, promises a long paper from the attorney-general on his right to arrest traitors, asks "if it is just that the South should be off without any consent or any return" for the money invested in Florida, and throughout stands on the defensive in a style fatal to English ideas of the dignity of his office. But in the midst of this slip-slop garrulity he asks for an army equal to that of a first-class military power, and supplies on a scale which startles Englishmen accustomed to pay war taxes, and calmly discusses his course "after this rebellion shall have been suppressed." That sentence is the key to the President's resolution. Secession is rebellion, and rebellion shall be suppressed at any outlay of treasure, or any expenditure of life. Mr. Lincoln asks for four hundred thousand men and a hundred millions sterling as the first contribution of Congress towards the necessary war. And this, he says, with a cold resolution which all his verbiage cannot hide, is but a small demand. The army will be only "a tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where apparently all are willing to engage," and the money is "less than a twenty-third part of the sum owned by those who seem willing to devote the whole." The talk of a strong Union party within the South is kept up, but its existence is treated as matter of no moment. If all Southerners are volunteers against the Union, and all Southern wealth is devoted to that one end, the Union is still to find means to enforce its complete supremacy. Secession is rebellion, and the number of the rebels only increases the means the loyal must raise to effect the inevitable suppression. Compromises, if made at all, must be made by the people, and till then the President "will not shrink, nor count the chances of his own life in what may follow." The bills introduced by the Government tally well with this cold resolve. They read, in the short sentences in

which American journalists describe them, like the decrees proposed to a government heading a revolution. The "Indemnity Bill" sounds like a constitutional form, but the remainder are all "up to the height of circumstances." The peaceful republic is to pass at once a law "to increase the military establishment," and thereby secure skilled officers; a bill "for the better organization of military establishments," which will reorganize the bureaux; a bill "to promote the efficiency of the army," which will make discipline stern, and a "bill for a national guard," which will be a standing army.

There can be no mistake as to the meaning of all this. The American people may have different views, may refuse the means necessary to make these menaces effective, or may shrink from the long war now so plainly before them, and we have considered below the possibility of those occurrences; but discussion on the designs of the Government has come at last to an end. The President says nothing about the last man and the last shilling, but if it be not his resolve to expend both, rather than make terms with rebellion, words and acts have alike no meaning. American statesmen are trained to servility, and we cannot expect, even from a President, the independent volition it is the pride of an English statesman to display. But, though bowing always—and, in English judgment, bowing too low—towards the people, Mr. Lincoln's own purposes are terribly clear and plain. He may distrust the people, but they, if they mean war, have no cause to distrust him. He will go forward relentlessly, as if the war were a suit, expend armies as if they were costs, and press judgment to execution as if he were only distraining a fraudulent or menacing debtor. This is not perhaps the highest form of resolution, but it is one against which threats are as much lost as sophistry or bribes.

There is one other point to be noticed in the President's Message. From first to last, throughout all those weary columns of type, the word slavery never occurs—the thing slavery is never referred to. The President thrusts the slave question wholly out of sight. Even in the paragraph in which he alludes to his course "when this rebellion shall have been suppressed," he gives no pledge as to state rights or the peculiar institution. "Lest," he says, "there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government towards the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws, and that he *probably* will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government, relatively

to the rights of the states and the people under the Constitution, than that expressed in the inaugural address."

"I will adhere," said the emperor of Austria, last week, "to the principles laid down in my first speech to the Reichsrath;" and in the minds both of President and emperor the intention of the reference is the same. Both intend to declare a consistent resolution. That of the President is to uphold the Constitution, which, as the North wields the majority, may, "probably," prohibit slavery in the states, and will certainly forbid it within the territories. It is difficult to believe that this reticence was not of design. A word on the state right to regulate slavery would have conciliated thousands of wavering Southerners, but the word would have pledged the Cabinet not to pursue the path which they perceive, willing or unwilling, they must tread.

But will the people concede the enormous powers demanded by their Government? That, after all, is the real point at issue, for, however resolved the President may be, his policy, unless it meets the assent of the people, is simply an individual opinion. And, moreover, can the people, even if carried such lengths by their enthusiasm, bear the enormous burden the President desires to impose? It needs no argument to prove that the burden is onerous to the last degree. The war will not end in a year, and to keep four hundred thousand men in the field two years is an effort which would task the resources of England, with twice the wealth of the states, and tax the human supply of Russia, with twice their population. The army is to be drawn from the North, from a people, that is, less numerous than that of England alone, and the outlay exceeds five-fold the national revenue of the republic. The President, too, speaks of the hundred millions paid for Florida, and then asks for four hundred millions to spend in recovering them; he talks of the free institutions which are a model to the world, and then proposes a standing army. He places these requests before people who have never furnished a native recruit to their permanent force, and have never borne a direct tax, or provided for a more than nominal national debt. Feeling acutely the force of these objections, we still believe that the North will endure this tremendous strain. The mere fact that they asked to do it will of itself treble their willingness. Their complaint has hitherto been that the Government lagged behind, that it refused the means placed at its disposal, seemed lukewarm, or even treacherous. The President has now shot forward far in advance, but there is no proof that he has outstripped the people. The Republicans are

content, and the House of Assembly has elected a Republican speaker. The galleries cheered the demand for four hundred millions, and the galleries on such occasions are filled with the best representatives of the Union. The talk about compromise has for weeks elicited nothing but indignation. The Democratic leaders dare not even yet attack the war, except by expressing their doubts whether the same expenditure would not conquer the continent. Above all, the American people are convinced that the South is already defeated, that it needs but one great levy and one bold push to secure the unconditional surrender. It matters little now, as it mattered nothing in March, what course the trading politicians may take. The silent millions of the North, whose hearts have been ulcerated for thirty years by enforced submission to ceaseless insult, will accept any demand rather than yield, and with their decision the controversy, however warm, or however much to the apparent advantage of the South, will, as before, instantly end. That individuals will resist, that some Charles Fox will appear, that a strong minority will grow up, as in our own European war, craving only for peace, is more than probable. But the mass of the nation, like the mass of the British people, is with the war, and nothing but sharp distress will make it even temporarily unpopular. Of the will of the North at present there can, we believe, be no doubt whatever.

Of their power there is perhaps more doubt, but even on this point, though with more hesitation, we must reply in the affirmative. It is evident that the men can be procured. Whether it be that social life in the states tempts men to soldiership, or that the great foreign population, as some say, is really in distress, or that the heart of the nation is really aroused to a depth we can scarcely appreciate, the men, it is evident, can be obtained. The Secretary of War reports that three hundred and ten thousand men are already collected. Eighty thousand of these are three months' volunteers, but after that great deduction, two hundred and thirty thousand men remain engaged for the war. Nearly a hundred thousand more are fretting in the Western States because their services cannot be entertained, and with money in plenty the balance will be only too easily gathered together. Whether these men will submit to the discipline a long campaign requires; whether they can turn out cavalry in any thing like adequate numbers; whether, in short, they can be reduced by service or discipline into an army, events alone can decide. But the men, we believe, can be found, and behind them remains, as a reserve, the whole population of states like Iowa, in

which every man needs only instruction in drill to be an efficient soldier. The levy will do infinite mischief to the country, will increase the military feeling so strong in the states, will check the prosperity of the West, and will perhaps menace the liberty for which the volunteers say they fight; but the men can be obtained. So can the National Guard, a force long since demanded by the holders of property, who see in the weakness of the Executive a permanent danger to themselves.

It remains to provide the money, and it must be remembered that the lightness of taxation which has hitherto distinguished the states, only makes heavy taxation the more easy and productive. The financial secretary, like his chief, states his demand with sufficient clearness but in many words. The expenditure for the current year may be taken at eighty millions sterling, of which sum twenty millions must, he conceives, be raised by taxes. By placing a tax on sugar, molasses, coffee, and tea, he hopes that the indirect taxes may be made to produce fifteen millions, and for the remaining five he proposes two alternatives. A tax of half a crown in the pound on the entire property of the North would produce just the amount deficient, or it may be made up by light imposts on ale and beer, tobacco and spirits, bank notes and spring carriages, jewelry and legacies. This is a goodly list of burdens, and reminds one painfully how near Sydney Smith's prophetic caution to brother Jonathan is to its fulfilment. But none of the duties, though some of them will be heavy—as, for example, ten pence a pound on green tea—are unbearable, or exceed those we ourselves pay, murmuring, but obedient. None of them press on the sources of wealth, or demand from the people the sacrifice of necessities with which it would be injurious to dispense. Even the property tax might be borne, and the machinery already exists for collecting that impost for state expenses. The Union will simply glide out of the class of lightly taxed states into that of fairly taxed nations—a change the progress of events was sure sooner or later to involve. But this is not all the burden to be imposed. Sixty millions sterling—two hundred and forty millions of dollars—remain to be provided for by loan, and the moneyed interest is already, it is said, biased towards the South. The moneyed interest, however, whatever their “proclivities,” will follow their instincts, and swarm round a ministry which creates a national debt like flies round honey. Or if they do not, there remains the device of the open loan, a device which, in a country where every farmer saves and five sixths of the national wealth is real,

will tap an exhaustless mine. The Union, taking the calculation head by head—for if she has fewer rich than England she has also fewer poor—can bear a national debt of five hundred millions, and yet be no heavier weighted than ourselves. The Secretary's demand is for less than one eighth of that amount. The men and the money are forthcoming, and annoyed as all men must feel at the bombastic rubbish with which Americans overlay earnest feeling, we still know of nothing nobler than the constancy with which the people sacrifice their dreams, their wealth, and their lives to preserve their honor.

From The Press, 20 July.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

LARGE as is the vote of men and money which the Message of President Lincoln demands from the American Congress, it can hardly be said to be adequate for a substantial prosecution of the war. Men are too apt to measure the proportions of this struggle by the standard of wars between individual nations, and to forget that preparations which would be stupendous as the offensive armament of a single state, figure but poorly as the equipment of one half of a continent for the subjugation of the other. Mr. Lincoln must be advised by very sanguine politicians or very poor military authorities, if he expects that 400,000 men and 400,000,000 dollars will furnish to the Federal Government “the legal means for making the contest a short and decisive one.” With no larger means at their disposal, the Northerners will scarcely be able to make an energetic commencement of the campaign, and the close of the year 1861 will probably wear itself out in the same inactivity which has characterized its commencement.

It does not seem that any great result has followed the movement of General Patterson across the Potomac. A loss of sixty-three men killed and several wounded, which made up the combined casualties on both sides, will not probably be thought to have given any great military significance to his brush with General Johnston's forces, and it will only be by courtesy that their rencontre can hereafter be styled “The Battle of Martinsburg.”

If it were not for the stoppage of trade throughout a great mercantile continent, and for the stimulus which a perpetual bivouac seems to give to those habits of vagrancy and dissipation which are already too prevalent among Americans, we might well rejoice that the civil war should have so long a prelude; and, as it is, any development

of the struggle which should suffice to mass the scattered contingents of the North and South—no matter with what good effect to their moral condition—and bring two large kindred armies to each other's throats, would be most lamentable. That the enormous frontier from Arkansas to the Atlantic should be sprinkled with groups of recruits, who consume both their time and their constitutions in games of chance, political invective, and brandy-smashes, and whose military drill seems confined to an intermittent and unregimental practice among themselves with the bowie-knife and revolver, is doubtless to be deplored. Such a state of things would be happily terminated by any solution of the present difficulty, perhaps not even excluding a recognition, in some shape or other, of the seceding confederacy. But to stop the present demoralization of these levies, by giving to their embodiment the only purpose of which it is susceptible, would be to correct, by a still more terrible disaster, that which is already sufficiently injurious. The ridicule which has been so largely thrown upon the tardiness which the Americans show in commencing actual warfare has doubtless been more than commonly irritating to the vainest of all living nations. But it may be doubted whether it is wise, in communities like our own, which would suffer so largely from the conflict, to employ so powerful an incitement to the contending parties. Nor is it by any means certain that the ridicule can be justified. Apart from the acknowledged want of preparation on the part of the Federal Government, and the lack of real military resources and equipment upon the side of the confederates, it does not seem easy to commence a campaign from such an enormous base of operations. The position and conditions of both parties are unmatched in the military history of the world. It is hardly to be imagined that an aggressive movement from either side would result in any thing else than the grave discomfiture of the aggressor. And for defensive purposes, it would be absurd to attempt a concentration of large forces upon any one point in a frontier of 2,000 miles, even if the expense of transporting troops over such enormous distances did not preclude the entertainment of such an idea by belligerents commencing hostilities with empty treasuries. It is difficult to estimate the number of men that would be requisite for the prosecution of a systematic war over so gigantic an area. The extent in mileage of the confederate territory is rather more than equivalent to England, France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, put together. The capture of Charleston or Richmond, if effected, would be an unappreciable blow in a body

of such enormous bulk; and an occupation of either of those cities could only be maintained by the employment of all the forces of the Union, and such an expenditure of men and money as must of itself bring the war to a close.

It is not a plausible supposition that the loss of one out of many capitals would prove more ruinous to the cause of the Southern States than the capture of Moscow did to the Russians in 1812. It is far more probable, on the contrary, that causes analogous to those which drove back Napoleon would bring about the extinction of any Northern army that might mistake a similar occupation for a conquest of the South. The protracted siege of a fortress at her southern extremity sufficed to suck the strength of Russia in 1855. But it was not the importance of the capture that closed the Crimean war with the siege of Sebastopol. It was the siege that exhausted the vanquished, and not the loss of the place, which might have been regained in subsequent campaigns. The waste of money and lives in a land-transit from Archangel to the Sea of Azov, during which the armies of Nicholas melted away as they went to war, and in which millions were spent before a shot was fired, made just that balance of chances in favor of the allies which would tell for the Confederate States, if the Government of President Lincoln could be induced to carry the campaign far to the south of the Potomac. On the other hand, aggressive movements can form no part of the intentions or interests of the confederate generals. Their strength and the strength of the cause for which they contend is pre-eminently to sit still. How the rear of his army could be protected, or its retreat secured in an invasion of the Southern States, is a question which those who condemn General Scott and affect to sneer at the Yankee appetite for battle have not yet been called upon to answer. Nor does it seem that such people have thought it worth their while to inquire whether, in the present ignorance of what can be ultimately effected even by a successful campaign, it may not be as well that the generals on each side should abstain from any operations that would irremediably pledge the people of the North. At present, short of the chimerical notion which is fast being abandoned of coercing the whole of the South, all is vague and undetermined in the councils of Washington. There are few politicians who would venture to place the reclamation of Carolina in the list of their contingencies, and still fewer who, failing to do that, could sketch out any probabilities whatever for the revolution. It is by no means certain that substantial intentions

may not hereafter be formed by both sides, which will centralize and give object to the struggle. But whatever they may be, they must of necessity be subsequent to a recognition of the permanent disruption of the Union. This proposition once assumed, a contest for the possession of Virginia, Missouri, and Tennessee may possibly turn out to be its legitimate consequence, as it has all along been the only issue to which the aggression of the North could practically tend. The coercion of the main body of the seceding states is a project only less manifestly absurd than an invasion of the North by the South would be; and it is doubtful whether the Government at Washington ever seriously contemplated it. To save the border states for the Union, and to thrust back as far as possible the boundary line of the new confederacy, is a fair effort of policy; and it was safer, before those states which were wavering had seceded, to advertise the reconquest of those already in open rebellion, than to stimulate further secession by professedly stepping in to restrain it.

Whatever may be the knowledge which the populations of the Union have of the true objects of the expedition, nothing can be more creditable to their courage and patriotism than the rapidity with which the levies have grown, and the cheerfulness with which the prospect of a heavy taxation is entertained. It is perhaps as well that our home capitalists will be deterred by their fears of repudiation from subscribing largely to the loans which will shortly be contracted. Great Britain will thus neither directly nor indirectly contribute to the success or necessities of either of the belligerents. The favorable state of feeling which doubtless exists in the South towards this country has not induced our merchants to take the bonds of the new government. And the North has perhaps to thank the rabid threats with which its press has insisted upon our unjust partiality for the loss of much substantial assistance to its exchequer. In the face of such national hostility as the New York papers affect to represent, it would be highly dangerous for any Englishman to invest his money in fresh American securities.

On the whole, it is not to be apprehended that there will be any grave and immediate change for the worse in the position of affairs. It is probable that the war will eventually concentrate itself in one or other of the states which are to be prizes of the conflict. There will be campaigns in Virginia for Virginia, in Missouri for Missouri, in Tennessee for Tennessee, unless their possession is made the subject of negotiations. More than this the North can hardly attempt, and less than this the South can hardly ex-

pect. The loss or gain of some or all of these states will make the success and failure of the struggle. No advantages gained by either party beyond such acquisition would ever be permanent, and probably no one who looks to the welfare of America wishes that they could be. If the North were to close the conquest, having secured the above named provinces, many would probably rejoice that its disruption from the South had enabled it to free so large a section of the great American continent as would then form the United States from the trammels and distractions of the unhappy institution which is the professed cause of the revolution.

From The Saturday Review, 20 July.
THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

FOUR hundred thousand men and eighty millions sterling! A few months ago, English democrats were in the habit of holding up to the envy of their countrymen the great republic which had neither an army nor a national debt; and now one section of the Union is raising colossal forces with an estimate that every soldier will correspond to an expenditure of \$1,000. In the South, also, troops are counted by myriads; and although money is there less abundant, rich and poor are eagerly contributing their persons and their produce for the maintenance of a deadly war. The inference is not that republican institutions have broken down, but that no community, however free and intelligent, can be relieved from the immutable conditions of political society. The United States were exempt from the danger and cost of a standing army, because they had no equals on their own continent to respect or to fear. Their domestic organization seemed to defy the risk of dissolution so long as it had never been tried. As soon as a cause of difference arose which interested a part of the federation more nearly than the traditions of the Union, the fabric fell asunder, like many a political combination of the ancient world, and the only instrument by which it can be brought together again is the rude contrivance of military force. The armaments will involve a debt, customs duties, and direct taxes; and although the resources of the country are equal to the occasion, it is doubtful whether the forms or spirit of the Constitution will survive the change in the circumstances of the country. Cheap administration and the peace which is founded on immunity from attack are but vulgar objects of enthusiasm. A state may reach its highest pitch of greatness when it has mortgaged the earnings of many generations for the maintenance of enormous military and naval establishments.

The spirit displayed by the Northern States of America in the vindication of the Federal compact is far more respectable than the boasted prosperity which has always been used to excite the wonder of Europe. The prudence and practicability of Mr. Lincoln's enterprise may be questioned, but the regiments which are marching to Virginia and Missouri from all the regions of the North are animated by a generous belief that it is their duty to preserve the unity of the great Republic. In the meantime, the Confederate Government is preparing for the struggle in silence, and the few scattered accounts from the South afford glimpses of a fierce determination to resent all attempts at coercion to the death. The army and wealth of the United States seem wholly irresistible as long as the distant spectator is influenced by the contagious enthusiasm and confidence of the Northern population; but a more comprehensive view of the conflict makes the conquest of the seceding states appear as formidable and as uncertain as the march to Moscow. It will be difficult to feed one hundred thousand men in a hostile country, and twice that force would be easily outnumbered in Georgia or in Mississippi.

Congress will not fail to grant the vast supplies in men and money which the Administration has thought it necessary to demand. Of the four hundred thousand men two hundred and fifty thousand are already levied, and a large portion of the \$400,000,000 has been expended by the Federal Government or advanced by the states. A navy has still to be created, and a multitude of recruits to be formed into an army, and at present the whole country would resent any hesitation in the provision of ample means for victory. Mr. Chase's plan for obtaining the necessary funds seems to be well-considered, practicable, and straightforward. A large loan is to be raised while patriotic zeal is still at its highest, and duties on coffee and other unprotected commodities are, for the first time, included in a tariff constructed not for protection but for revenue. A small direct tax is to form a further security to the national creditor, and it may be assumed that it will be raised by the constitutional process of adding the necessary percentage to the municipal and state assessment. The impost will fall with undue weight on visible property, but it is necessary, in all questions of taxation, to follow the custom of the country. The Secretary of the Treasury and his colleagues have probably devised the most effective mode of raising money, and it is scarcely probable that Congress will suggest any alternative scheme. It is not known whether the Morrill tariff will be modified, now that Massachusetts and Philadelphia are

irrevocably pledged to the cause of the Union. The great states of the North-west ought, if they understood their own interest, to resist the grasping selfishness of the Atlantic cotton-spinners and iron-masters. The Government must have already discovered that the stoppage or discouragement of trade has little tendency to increase the pecuniary resources of the country. Sober politicians also perceive that a prohibitive tariff is a boon to the Southern States as long as the quarrel lasts, and that it may at any time prove an obstacle to the desired compromise which no one has the courage publicly to mention. The New York journals, and the popular opinion which they reflect, seem to feel a certain shame for their vulgar and unprovoked onslaught on England. The monopolists of Pennsylvania will scarcely persuade Congress that an iniquitous system of taxation is justifiable and patriotic, merely because it is incidentally distasteful to the hated foreigner.

Having performed the constitutional duty of providing the supplies, the legislature will perhaps proceed to transcend the limits of its authority by passing an act of indemnity in favor of the Executive. Mr. Lincoln may have been morally right in all the measures which he has adopted, but he has found it necessary to violate at every turn a constitution which was never calculated for the contingencies of civil war. He has enforced martial law in Baltimore without ever proclaiming it, and he has held intercourse with the revolutionary or *bogus* Virginian government which has been originated by the Wheeling Convention. In his first proclamation after the capture of Fort Sumter, the President paid the customary tribute to propriety in his odd warning to the so-called insurgents to retire to the homes which they had never quitted. As soon as the North began to arm in earnest, the affectation of reading the Riot Act to nine or ten sovereign states became too flagrantly absurd. From that time the President has carried on the war in the capacity of a dictator with a high-handed disregard for legal scruples and objections. In England, Parliament would retrospectively authorize any measure which was proved to have been essential to the safety of the commonwealth. The Senate and the House of Representatives, if they affect to indemnify the President and his ministers, will in the eye of the law only share his technical guilt. The judges of the Supreme Court, if they are allowed to exercise their functions in safety, will treat an act of Congress in a matter beyond its competence as a scrap of waste paper. All branches of the Government, however, are at liberty to appeal to some possible clause

of indemnity in a future revision of the constitutional pact; nor, with the people at their back, is it necessary to reflect that the revival of the Union, if it were possible, would leave the most zealous advocates of the war once more in a minority.

The President's message is the oddest document which was ever issued by the Government of a great nation. Mr. Lincoln's admirers boast that the chief magistrate of the Union once navigated a timber float; and it is satisfactory to observe that an august bargeman from the Mississippi is, in style and rhetoric, precisely on a level with an uncrowned bargeman on the Thames. "The little disguise," says Mr. Lincoln, "that the supposed right is to be exercised only for a just cause, themselves to be the sole judges of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice. Thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their state out of the Union, who could have been brought to no such thing the day before." The honest President seems, in his process of self-education, to have learned to write imperfectly, and it is strange that an educated country should be governed by an utterly illiterate ruler. But in substance the people and the Government understand one another, and the sugar-coated druggists, though they may smile at the ungrammatical denunciation of their farcical pretences, will not the less understand that they have to deal with an inexhaustible store of money and of soldiers. The comic effect of the President's message will only be fully appreciated by those who are safe from the consequences of his curiously expressed conclusions.

The most interesting question to be determined in the debates of Congress relates to the conformity or independence of individual opinions. A few senators and several representatives, if not friendly to the cause of the South, heartily disapprove of a war of coercion and conquest. If they have the courage to resist the popular clamor of the moment, a nucleus of opposition will soon attract waverers and hasty converts who have been overborne by the sudden display of apparent unanimity. It would be idle to oppose the general sentiment, which is right and patriotic as well as universally popular. Judicious dissentients will confine themselves to protests against violent measures, and they will wait for opportunities of pacification and compromise. With the inevitable reappearance of the obliterated distinction between

Republicans and Democrats, the influence of moderate and far-sighted politicians will gradually increase.

With three or four hundred thousand men, and with the command of the sea, the Northern Government may threaten the Gulf coasts of the Confederation without weakening the main armies in Virginia and on the Mississippi. Like Napoleon in 1812, the invader is stronger in numbers and in organization, but the Americans of the South are strangely degenerate if they are easier to subdue than the serf population of Russia. If an unforeseen conquest is nevertheless achieved, the difficulty of administering a hostile province will be even more insuperable than the dangers of the war. Whatever may be the issue of the conflict, it will leave hundreds of thousands of armed men to be disbanded, and some of them will have acquired that exclusive taste for their profession which is common to veterans. The next candidates for the Presidency will assuredly be military leaders, and it is by no means certain that the supporters of a defeated general will acquiesce in the triumph of some unknown Polk or Pierce. It will be necessary to find employment for the army, and Mexico will probably be the first victim of the new American institutions. The attack on Canada which has so often been threatened will perhaps follow in due course, and the fleet will undervalue and tempt the overwhelming naval force of England. According to the latest accounts, a collision was said to be imminent on the right bank of the Potomac. Northern enthusiasts, who are wholly ignorant of General Beauregard's intentions, forget that a battle, before it is fought, must be accepted as well as offered. As the struggle for the possession of Richmond will have no decisive effect on the war, it will be satisfactory to find that unnecessary bloodshed has been avoided or postponed.

From The Economist, 20 July.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. LINCOLN's message is no exception to a remark we made not long since, that the official documents of a revolution are almost always very unworthy of the magnitude of the revolution itself. They are necessarily an attempt to reduce to law a state of things which has no law; they necessarily comment in the language of jurisprudence upon a tumult in which jurisprudence itself has ceased to exist. There is but little in all Mr. Lincoln's retrospective exposition which has not very frequently been said before, or which, except for the exigencies of his official position, need to have been repeated now. Mr. Lincoln proves that the South

have not, by the Constitution of the United States, a right to secede, and he wins in an easy argument a useless victory. George the Third, by similar arguments and with analogous facility, proved that the "North American Colonies" of England had no right to secede from the mother country. And what then? Mr. Burke replied that you could not draw "a bill of indictment against a whole nation." The philosopher perceived what the king of his day and the people of his day could not perceive, that if a whole community of armed and civilized men wish to separate from the nation which governs them, they will separate. National pride, military power, financial strength are useless against the united resources of a whole people. George the Third failed, not because England was not strong enough or rich enough to conquer an American army or ten American armies, but because England would not have been strong enough to retain, and was too wise even to wish to retain, in perpetuity, a compulsory authority over a scattered, a hostile, and a martial people. Mr. Lincoln will fail for a like reason: the North is strong and rich, but it is neither so strong nor so rich as the England of George the Third; the South is neither so weak nor so poor as the "United States" of Jefferson and Washington.

It is plain that Mr. Lincoln wishes to carry on the war earnestly. But for what is he fighting? For some months past this has been a topic of perpetual discussion in this country. Since Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address there has been no authentic exposition of the intentions of the American Government. Accordingly the large party in this country who are opposed, and rightly opposed, to the continuance of slavery, hoped that the war was more or less a war for the abolition of slavery. In the absence of official statements, it was not easy to confute them; it was impossible to say that they *might* not be right in a conjecture which had philanthropy, if not probability, on its side. We ventured, however, on several occasions to indicate our doubts. We did not believe that the Northern community, where the doctrine of abolition was only a year since bitterly unpopular, had in a few months become *crusading* abolitionists. Now we have an authentic exposition of the intentions of the American Government. And what does it say? It does not suggest or hint that the cessation of negro slavery may be a *consequence* of the war; it does not say that the abolition of that slavery

is the *object* of the war;—it says as distinctly as words can say it, that Mr. Lincoln is fighting to bring back the South—the South as it stands, with its angry population and with its slaves into a union with the North; it says that Mr. Lincoln is desirous of conquering certain seceding communities; it implies that having conquered them, he is willing to continue the old Federal Union with them, but it does not say that he intends to set free their slaves. Unquestionably he does not intend it. The war is a war of conquest, not a war of philanthropy.

For England, it is even more material to observe that this message is so clearly and strongly warlike as to bring the speculations as to the prospective supply of cotton, with which we have favored our readers this week and last, still more within the domain of pressing and practical questions. The chances of a complete and systematic interruption to the transmission of the American crop to Europe increase with every fresh demonstration of vigor and determination on the part of the North. And this is the interpretation put upon the tidings by merchants both here and at Liverpool. As to the latter place, it has led to large sales of cotton and a decided advance in price. If there is to be a war, no doubt the Northerners are right in straining every nerve to end the conflict at once. If they succeed, the affair is ended: if they fail, the very magnitude of the scale of their operations may serve to convince them that success is impossible, and thus equally contribute to a settlement. As far as this country and its commercial interests are concerned, any thing which shortens the strife by enhancing its dimensions will be a gain. The more earnest the North is, and the more vigorous and extensive are its preparations, the more certain it becomes both that we shall not have any cotton at present, and that we shall have plenty a year hence. The double certainty may throw some light upon the *probabilities*, which are all we have to guide us in our mercantile transactions.

We give elsewhere a full account of the financial proposals of the American Secretary of the Treasury in his own words. And we have only to guard our readers against the erroneous notion which has been spread by the first telegraphic announcement, that the large loan which the American Government will require will be asked for *at once*. What is asked is only an *authority* to borrow, to be exercised from time to time, and which will doubtless be exercised reasonably and moderately.

From The Economist, 20 July.

THE COMMERCIAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE AMERICAN BLOCKADE.

LAST week we earnestly endeavored to persuade our readers to consider, if only as an hypothesis neither fanciful nor remote, what would be the effect upon the cotton manufacture of Great Britain in case the blockade of the ports of the seceding states should be so strict and so long-continued as to deprive us of our whole annual supply of cotton from that quarter; and what steps it was desirable to take in anticipation of such a very possible contingency. We were the more anxious to call attention to this uncomfortable question because we found, even among those most immediately concerned, a rooted unwillingness, approaching to inability, to contemplate any such result as within the range of rational calculation. The merchants of Liverpool and the spinners of Manchester seemed alike to have made up their minds that because cotton was grown and was wanted, it would be sure to come; and, having thus "spoken to themselves smooth things, and prophesied 'peace, peace,' where there was no peace," to be little inclined to trouble themselves with any speculations as to the *modus operandi* by which their sanguine hopes were to be realized. We wish now to consider this part of the subject somewhat more fully, with a view to ascertain what prospect really exists of the American cotton coming forward as imagined.

Commercial men, with that sort of unreasoning instinct which is so natural to them and which is usually so sound, have jumped to the conclusion that where an article exists which one people are intensely eager to sell and another people are intensely eager to buy, no power on earth can thoroughly or for long prevent the transfer from being effected. They say that all experience bears them out in this anticipation. They point to the war of 1812, when we got the American cotton as usual at the very moment when we were fighting tooth and nail with the Americans. They point to the opium trade with China, to the slave trade with Cuba, to smuggling trades generally all over the world, to show that the most powerful governments and the most active efforts of fanatical philanthropists cannot prevent the supply to any nation of any article that is vehemently desired. They remind us that the eager desire of Napoleon at the height of his power to exclude English manufactures from the Continent was completely baffled by the force of circumstances; and that his own soldiers were clothed with the produce of our looms, even by the connivance of his own marshals. There is great weight, no doubt, in all these arguments and

illustrations, though they do not fully bear out the conclusion in confirmation of which they are adduced. In 1812 we were ourselves the belligerents; we were by no means anxious so to blockade the enemy's ports as to deprive ourselves of cotton. We were willing enough often to allow vessels to sail, satisfied that if they escaped our cruisers their cargoes would find their way to us through neutral markets, and that if seized, they would reach us by a still cheaper and directer process. But notwithstanding this double operation of capture and connivance, the quantity we received both directly and through Brazil did fall off considerably. The total was as follows:—

	lbs.
1810	81,000,000
1811	67,000,000
1812	42,000,000
1813	Records destroyed by fire
1814	35,000,000

The opium trade with China, though a contraband one, is scarcely a case in point; for the Chinese government was one of the weakest and corruptest in the world. Our efforts to suppress the slave trade have been baffled fully as much by the recalcitrance of nations which we could not coerce, as by the skill of the Spanish and Portuguese traders. But this case, and that of the defeat of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, are unquestionably signal instances of the power of Profit when matched against armed force; and we are prepared even here to hope much from its energizing motives.

But, though we are and must be anxious purchasers, is it by any means so sure that the Americans are anxious sellers? At present, certainly, it would appear to be just the reverse. The Government at least—and in a democratic country like America the people and the Government are one—seem bent upon preventing the export of cotton. They are above all things anxious that the Northern States shall not get any, hoping by this means to distress and coerce the manufacturers they hate; and next to this they are anxious that France and England shall receive as little as possible, believing that by this means those countries will be induced to interfere in their behalf or with a high hand to put down the blockade. Accordingly they have prohibited the export of their staple article by land or river, except towards Mexico; and besides this strong and singular enactment they appear to have some queer scheme of purchasing the crop from the planters and paying them in treasury notes,—in order, no doubt, as they fancy, to keep this cherished means of "coercion by starvation" more effectually in their own hands. It may possibly be true

that the cotton-growers are not particularly zealous for this indefinite suspension of their trade and its rich returns, but they make no sign, and appear to coincide both with the projects and the expectations of the authorities. It is even probable that as time goes on and the privation of accustomed luxuries begins to be seriously felt, both the planters and the Government may be desirous to relax their "self-denying ordinance;" but at present the seceding states present the anomalous spectacle of forbidding the export of that article by land which their enemies forbid the exportation of by sea—both parties in fact combining to prevent its reaching the foreigners who are so anxious to procure it.

It may not be denied that there is a certain amount of rationality in the anticipations of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his colleagues as to the consequences both on their enemies and on neutrals of a dearth of cotton, though, as unquestionably, they much exaggerate its influence. The manufacturers of New England will no doubt suffer considerably by the loss of their usual supply of the raw material, though their stock must be unusually large and the markets for their produce must be much curtailed. But considering the exasperated passions of both parties, and how little they are accustomed to submit to either coercion or constraint, we no more expect the North to be brought to terms because they cannot buy cotton than the South because they cannot sell it. It is a fact well worth considering, that within the last few days the Boston spinners have been making inquiries in Liverpool as to the terms on which they can be supplied with the raw material *from our markets*, and some small lots have already been sent out to New York. We do not for a moment suppose that either the French or the

English government will be induced by the distress of their respective manufacturing populations to attempt to raise or to prohibit the blockade—any such step would be equivalent to a declaration of war against the North—but it is certain that the distress which neither country can wholly escape will make the two governments most pressing in tendering their mediation to bring about a termination of the contest. As yet, however, nothing has transpired in the acts or the attitude of either of the belligerents to warrant the least hope that they would listen to any such proposals. We have just learned that the spinners of Rouen have been urging upon Louis Napoleon the desirability of some immediate steps to avert the threatened calamity, and have received for answer that he is as alive as they can be to the gravity and the pressing nature of the case. As soon as the Americans are in a frame of mind to listen to the notion of European me-

diation, they will not be far from a settlement of the quarrel without our interposition. But they seem months, if not years, distant yet from so desirable a temper.

It remains to be seen what other chances there may be of some *mitigation*, by miscellaneous means, of that hermetical sealing-up of the cotton crop with which, to all appearance, we are threatened. These means are neither numerous nor promising, but they are worth something.—In the *first* place, it is considered that, though the large ports whence cotton is usually shipped are few and easily blockaded, there are other smaller ones where light craft might run in and out with great facility, each carrying a few bales, which could be transhipped out at sea into larger vessels fitted for the Atlantic voyage. There can be no doubt that this process will be carried on to a great extent, and that a certain, perhaps a considerable, proportion of these cargoes may escape the vigilance of the United States cruisers, which are not as yet numerous. But it must be borne in mind that cotton is a very bulky article, not easily concealed or stowed away,—a bale worth £12 or £15, weighing 5 cwt. and measuring 5 feet by 3 and 4; and it is probable, therefore, that the quantities that could thus escape observation must be reckoned rather by tens than by hundreds of thousands of bales.—In the *second* place, it would seem that the Southerners themselves imagine that a good deal will find its way into Mexico and be shipped from Tampico and other ports in that republic. Of course some will come that way; but in a wild country like Texas and the adjacent provinces, roads are few and bad, and water-carriage is not handy, and the expense of transporting merchandise like cotton bales through such a district must be enormous. We are therefore not sanguine of any great relief from that quarter, though some dribbets may come to mitigate the dearth.—*Thirdly*, when cotton reaches such a price as to leave enormous profits on a single cargo, adventurous merchants in both hemispheres will no doubt make every possible exertion to evade the blockading squadrons, and will calculate, as the slave traders do, that if one vessel out of two or three evades capture, they will be gainers by the enterprise. Some of our leading commercial houses connected with the American trade place, we are informed, considerable reliance on this source of supply. We dare say they are right: we have only to observe that the hypothesis supposes cotton to have reached a more than famine price.—*Lastly*—for we presume we must not venture to hint at the possibility of corrupt connivance on the part of officials so notoriously pure as the Ameri-

cans—it is to be observed that every vessel that leaves a Southern port laden with cotton, *whether captured or not*, is equally available to Europe. If she gets off scot-free, the cargo is sold in the Liverpool market for the benefit of the owner:—if she is detained and forfeited, the cargo is sold for the benefit of the captor;—but in either case the cotton goes into consumption, and *pro tanto* supplies the manufacturer and lowers the price. If we could be sure that all or half of the crop would *leave the shores* of the confederate states in hopes of crossing the Atlantic, its subsequent fate (unless it should be shipwrecked) would be a matter of perfect indifference to us, as far as concerns its bearing on the present question.

All these things considered, the unreasoning confidence of the Manchester and Liverpool merchants, to which we made reference last week—"that the cotton would come forward somehow"—is not wholly unwarranted. The practical question is, "*How much* will filter through the cordon in these several ways?" Our fear is that—considering the strange temper of both North and South, the cost and difficulties of land carriage to new ports, and the high price which must be reached before the heavy expenses and the enormous risks we have described will be encountered on any great scale—a much smaller proportion of the crop will reach us through these illegitimate channels than sanguine men anticipate.

We have now, we believe, laid before our readers a complete view of this serious question as it stands at present; and the summary of the whole appears to be this. A very high price of cotton will bring us a large increase in the supply from India, a moderate increase from Egypt, and *some* portion at least of the crop from America. This high price will curtail the demand for the manufactured article at the same time that it enhances the supply of the raw material; and will thus tend to equalize the two. But this *beneficially* high price will only be reached when, and as fast as, the parties more immediately concerned shall become convinced of the reality and the extent of the dearth with which they are threatened.

From The London Daily News, July 19.

It seems impossible that this plain, unvarnished speech of the Republican President should not sink deep into the hearts and consciences of a people possessed of any

moral sense, of any reverence for the memory of the great founder of their liberties, of any hopes or interests beyond the passions or appetites of the hour. And President Lincoln bears proud and solemn witness that in truth "the plain people" know well "that this is essentially a people's contest." The secessionist oligarchy deliberately "press out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people." Their elections are held in military camps, their state papers are eloquent on the rights of minorities. On the side of the Union the struggle is felt to be one for "maintaining a form and substance of government" under which the condition of the whole people has been elevated and improved beyond example in the world. And thus the largest army of volunteers ever known, and comprising many regiments of which every common soldier is a man of high culture and attainments, has rushed to the standard of the Union. If some officers in the land and sea services have deserted their colors, they were the creatures of favor or of fortune; of the common soldiers and sailors not one has failed for a moment in loyalty, even in the face of treacherous commanders. With such support as this, President Lincoln is prepared to prove that "those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion." There is not a free people, or a people aspiring to freedom throughout the world—much less is there a people with Anglo-Saxon blood in its veins—that is not concerned in the momentous crisis, which the President of the United States describes, in the simplest words, as "a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by war." No lesson, it should be remembered in England, can be more conservative, in the best and only true sense, than this.

The American civil war, then, is a question of extending the area of slavery, of reviving the slave trade; but it is more than all this for the New World, and for the Old; it is a question, indeed, of "peace, safety, and prosperity," nay, of national existence, to that American Union which the genius and goodness of a Washington created for an example. But for all free people it is a question of upholding the eternal principles of liberty, morality, and justice. War for such a cause, though it be civil war, may perhaps without impiety be called

"God's most perfect instrument
In working out a pure intent."

From The Saturday Review.

JEROME BONAPARTE. *

It would be unreasonable to look for impartiality in a biography written with the ready pen of a panegyrist of the French Empire. Biographers have never been conspicuous for that virtue, even in the freest countries; and if one of them were so far to depart from the nature of his tribe as to wish to tell plain truths of a lost friend, he would hardly find the "fissures of the law," in France, as calked by M. de Perisgny, large enough to allow him to apply that candor to so delicate a subject as the reputation of one of the *rois fainéants* of the first empire. In a biography published under such auspices as this, we must be content with something very far short of simple truth. We must regard it much as we regard a fashionable portrait-painter's picture of a great man. We know that the negative evidence furnished by the portrait as to whether the said great man squinted, or was knock-kneed, or had a head of carrot-colored hair, would be worth just nothing at all. But it would serve to convey to us a general idealized outline of his figure, and a notion of what his expression of face would look like to a short-sighted woman who was foolishly in love with him. With much the same sort of qualification must we receive an imperial biography of Jerome. The book, so far as it has gone—for the present volume only reaches to the year 1806—is agreeably written, and contains much incidental information of a valuable kind. After each chapter comes a selection of letters in illustration, many of which are new. This arrangement acts as a strong cheek upon the author, and precludes all the more extravagant flights of invention which usually deform the writings of Bonapartist historians. But it is obvious that Jerome must fare better in these pages than he will ever fare again.

Even viewed through these friendly glasses, he does not present a very attractive image. The best part of his character is that he was constitutionally fearless. In that word all his positive merits are summed up. It is the only quality that redeems his character from utter triviality. In fact, it is so inconsistent with the other traits of

pettiness which even his partial biographer cannot conceal, that we look with some curiosity for the next revolution, when the partisans of some new *régime* will reveal to us what the archives have to tell of Jerome's cowardice as well of his courage. In all else he was a weak-brained coxcomb. His head was turned with his brother's renown. He was always asserting his dignity as younger brother of the most successful man of his age, by displays of pert but unsuccessful bravado. A slight anecdote that is told of his first performance at Paris, when he was brought there for the first time by his brother, is strongly illustrative of this feature of his character:—

"On day the young schoolboy escapes from the Tuileries. He goes and walks on the Boulevards, finds out the richest shop, goes in and examines the various articles set out for show. Finding nothing fine enough for his taste, he asks to be shown the most wonderful thing they possess, both for magnificence and as an object of art. The shopman, astonished at the child's coolness, with some hesitation shows him a box worth sixteen thousand francs. 'Very well,' said Jerome, 'send it to the Tuileries, the aide-de-camp of the First Consul will pay for it.' With these words he leaves. The box is sent to the Tuileries. Duroc, fancying that General Bonaparte had bought the article, pays for it, and next day enters the sixteen thousand francs upon the account presented each day to the First Consul. The latter, much astonished, asks what it can mean. Duroc relates what has happened. On sending to the shop everything is explained. At dinner the First Consul comes into the drawing-room, where the company are already assembled, and taking Jerome by the ears, says, 'It's you, then, sir, is it! pray, who gave you leave to buy boxes at the price of sixteen thousand francs?' 'Ah!' said the child, not the least disconcerted, 'that's my way; I only like pretty things.'"

This was exactly the spirit he afterwards carried into active life. He was always showing off; and was never disconcerted with the rebuffs which his attempts invariably brought upon him. During the brief interval of peace which succeeded the treaty of Amiens, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the navy at the age of eighteen, and intrusted with the command of a brig-of-war, which was cruising with Admiral Villeneuve in the West Indies. As long as he remained in

* *Mémoires du Roi Jérôme et de la Reine Catherine*. Tome Premier, Paris: Dentu.

company with the admiral, this piece of favoritism came to no harm. But unluckily it was thought prudent, as soon as the permanence of peace became doubtful, to send him and his brig back to France as fast as possible. Scarcely was he out of sight than he met an English ship-of-war, which he took for a merchantman. To show his dignity, he hailed her to lie to, and on her disregarding the summons, sent a shot through one of her sails. A prompt apology appears to have saved him from the immediate punishment due to this display of grandeur. But his ill-fated sojourn in America, with the consequences that extended from it even to our day, was its direct result. He returned forthwith to the harbor he had left, in order to report the occurrence; and then, when it came to the question of his starting again, and running the gauntlet of the English cruisers with a declaration of war rapidly approaching, he did not feel his nerves equal to the undertaking. Accordingly, he preferred to slip over in a pilot boat to the United States, and to take his chance of smuggling himself back to Europe on board some neutral trader. In July, 1803, he landed in Virginia. But here his evil demon of pert presumption still pursued him. The French consul wished to give him some advice as to the manners and customs of the natives, and the peculiarities of American society. An appetite for the friendship of distinguished strangers was not an unknown transatlantic virtue even in those primitive days, and the French consul wished to help Jerome in choosing his acquaintance. He even warned him of the character of one or two disreputable parasites into whose hands he had fallen. But Jerome's dignity was infinitely insulted by the suggestion that he was not fit to be his own master at all times and in all places. The consul received a sharp rebuff for his pains; and the young lieutenant gave himself up to all the bliss of being the pink of fashion in the society of Baltimore. The result was natural enough. He was absolutely without employment, and Baltimore young ladies are remarkably pretty. It was not so difficult then to induce young men to propose as it has unhappily been found to be in our days. Miss Betsy Paterson, the reigning beauty of Baltimore, brought matters to an issue with the inflammable sailor in little more than two months. The French consul was in despair. He wrote frantic letters to all the parties con-

cerned, sent dispatches home to Talleyrand, quoted an abundance of French law, and threatened the utmost wrath of the great elder brother. He appears to have warned the Paterson family very distinctly that, without the proper consents, Jerome, being a minor, could not marry validly according to the law of France. But it was to no purpose.

The father hung back, but the young lady's ambition was not to be so easily deterred; and Jerome, as his custom was, did exactly as he was told by the person whose influence was for the moment in the ascendant. The marriage took place five months after his arrival in America. Of course, when, after many difficulties, he succeeded in eluding the English cruisers, and landed again in Europe, he found Napoleon fully resolved not to recognize the marriage. Unfortunately, once within the clutch of the French police, Miss Paterson was not able to keep Jerome by her side. He was at once sent on to the emperor, while she was stopped at the frontier. He yielded to the strong will of his brother as pliantly as he had yielded to the strong will of the American beauty; and having relieved his conscience by sending to her the most fervent professions of unalterable attachment, he easily resigned himself to the necessity of never seeing her again. It is curious that these frequent stumbles had in no degree cured the tendency which in the vulgar tongue would be termed bumptiousness. Hardly had he scrambled out of one scrape than it lured him into another. To give him employment, the emperor charged him with the duty of drilling the crews of some vessels that were cruising in the Genoese waters. Jerome's dignity seems, as usual, to have been very much on the alert. He thought that it would be consulted by a promotion in his naval rank. Accordingly, without further reference to any sort of authority, he dubbed himself post-captain on the spot, and proceeded to confer lieutenantancies on such of his personal friends as he thought deserving of that rank. The only result of this impertinence naturally was to draw down from his powerful brother a sharp reproof and an order to strip off his stolen plumes without delay. But though it came to nothing, it may serve as a good specimen of the only quality in which Jerome can be said to have been pre-eminent.

The darkest blot in his character, so far

as this first part of his life is concerned, is his conduct towards Miss Paterson. It was marked by a meanness to which none but a thoroughly worthless nature could have stooped. The marriage was only permitted by the Patersons on the solemn promise given by Jerome that he would never leave America till it had been recognized in France. He not only broke this promise, and afterwards cast off as illegitimate the wife whom he had obtained by means of it, but he had the inexpressible impudence to go on for several years writing to her affectionate letters, and assuring her that she had no truer friend on earth than himself. He even went so far as to propose that she should hand over to him their son, to be brought up by the wife whom he had subsequently, and, in the eyes of the Patersons, fraudulently married—Catherine of Wurtemberg. But shame was a weakness against which few of the Bonapartes have ever had to guard, and Jerome least of all.

This book, including as it does the whole of Jerome's naval career, gives occasional glimpses of the maritime affairs of France before her navy was swept away at Trafalgar, which will be read with interest. What appears pretty clearly is, that the French enjoyed all the advantages then, which are claimed for them now. They seem to have had better ships, and a more complete machinery for manning them. The difficulty appears always to have been in the commanders. However perfect the instrument provided might be, it was impossible to find men who knew how to handle them with skill and daring. Napoleon, who was always aware of his own weak points, admits the difficulty very plainly in a letter written to Jerome in May, 1805, just when he was gathering up all his strength for his final maritime effort:—

"My brother, I send you a letter from the Minister of Marine; you will see how much good you may do to my fleets if you conduct yourself well. I have no lack of ships or sailors, nor of a great number of zealous officers; but what I do lack is chiefs who have talent, character, and energy."

This fact is abundantly plain, even in the short descriptions of Jerome's cruises that are given. The French commanders, when

once at sea, seem to have had no other thought or care than this—to escape the English in the first place, and the weather in the second. If, however, they were put to the choice, they generally preferred the tender mercies of the weather to those of the English. They always appear to have left harbor with the conviction that their function was to keep out of the way as much as they could, and to return unhurt if possible—an aspiration which was very seldom fulfilled. Jerome was witness, in America, of a striking illustration of the difference between the maritime spirit of the two nations. There was a French frigate in the harbor of New York in which he was anxious to sail for Europe. But the mouth of the harbor was guarded by two English cruisers. The frigate's only chance would have been to lie near the mouth, within the American waters, watching for any chance of escape that the weather might give her. The consul, who was above all things anxious to get Jerome safely back to France, in vain urged on the captain of the frigate to take this course. The captain would not hear of it. The English might lie in dangerous positions if they liked, but he had no taste for following their example:—

"I have often advised him to place himself near Sandy Hook, in order to watch their movements. He objected that they might attack him. I assured him, as I think I was justified in doing, that they dared not. He further said that the anchorage was dangerous in the bad season; but the English have been there this last month, and have held their position in spite of two terrible gales."

In conclusion, the author deserves the tribute of having kept his pen remarkably free from the rancor against the English which, in historians, is generally inseparable from Bonapartist partialities. In measuring the relative powers and performances of the two countries, he does not show more bias towards his own than writers of all nations would naturally feel. He indulges in no aspirations for the revenge of Waterloo, and abstains for the present from boasting that, thanks to the ship-building activity of France, the empire of the seas has changed hands.

From The Spectator.

THE ROMANCE OF COMETS.

Even the astronomers are still permitted the refreshing emotions of excitement and surprise. There is one field of unlimited possibility open to them in which their speculations are as purely imaginative as the events of M. Alexandre Dumas' novels. Comets are still left to utter a brilliant protest against routine in the very field in which it is sometimes said that routine is absolute. Splendid comets that no astronomer expected are discovered suddenly by casual ladies as they retire to rest. Others, which are expected, and whose return has been confidently predicted, entirely fail to keep their appointment. And concerning one comet again (Lexell's) carefully observed, and whose orbit was closely computed, it remains an entirely open question whether it has been wholly absorbed and appropriated by the planet Jupiter, or has gone off into infinite space never to return, or whether we are still at intervals beholding it without recognizing its identity. Even the comet on which astronomers have now been gazing for some six successive nights is a doubtful character. Some of them—as for example M. Babinet—believe that it is the same which in 1264 looked down upon the amazed English barons during their first efforts to secure parliamentary rights under the auspices of Simon de Montfort, in the reign of Henry III., and which took its second glance at us in Mary Tudor's reign, two years before the accession of Elizabeth, when it accelerated Charles V.'s intention of abdicating in favor of his still more fanatical son. Mr. Hind, however, who had computed this comet's return for 1858, when nothing was seen of it, vehemently denies that this is the belated meteor in question; and M. Leverrier is of the same mind. M. Bomme, a geometer of the Netherlands, predicted some time ago that Charles the Fifth's comet, as it is called, would be delayed by planetary interferences till 1860, and Halley had anticipated its return for the same year. We venture no opinion upon so difficult a subject, but we must observe that the interferences of planetary attractions upon these erratic and ill-observed orbits are so very vaguely estimated, and have often brought astronomers into so much error, that personal identity is not either established or overthrown in a moment,

in the case of a meteor which was last observed with the imperfect astronomical apparatus of 1556. No doubt when sufficient time has been allowed to compute accurately the elements of the present orbit, and to allow for all other disturbing influences, we shall be able to determine pretty accurately the date of its last appearance near the sun.

These erratic bodies, with their enormous tails, sweeping a distance of from five million to two hundred million miles, constitute, as we have said, the dream-land of astronomers, and it is very pleasant to turn to the chapters in which these usually rigid reasoners throw the reins upon the neck of speculation, and career away into the boundless field of extravagant hypothesis. In the first place, there is a delightful difficulty about a new comet. There are always three courses open to it, as to a statesman, before it starts upon its career, and a good many modifications afterwards. It may be merely a planetary body, revolving in thin ellipses, and as regular in its movements as the earth or Jupiter itself. Such is Halley's celebrated seventy-year comet. Or it may be moving in either a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit, in neither of which cases can it ever return again to the same place, but must forever explore new fields of space. But the difficulty lies here, that it is an extremely delicate matter to distinguish accurately, from a single set of observations, between a comet moving in a very elongated ellipse of many hundred years' period, and one moving in an absolutely infinite curve; so that it is even yet doubted whether there are any, strictly speaking, of the latter kind.

But the puzzles to which the mere orbits of the comets have given rise, are nothing compared with the amusing speculations to which their physical constitution has given rise. Astronomers have discussed with the most opposite results the speculations,—whether a comet has ever struck the earth; if it has, whether it has changed the seasons, and altered the latitudes of the different places on our globe;—whether passing through the tail of a comet would be prejudicial to us, and in what way;—whether it would be possible for a new comet to carry off the earth with it as a satellite;—and whether such an effect would be fatal to human arrangements or not. All these questions open up a delightful field of specula-

tion, and not an entirely unpractical one. It is pretty certain that Lexell's comet went so near to Jupiter, in 1779, as either to be absorbed into his system, or to have been projected into a very new and unanticipated path by his influence. It is satisfactory to find that, as far as we can see, the unpleasant consequences, so far as there were any, appear to have been borne by the comet and not by the planet, as it gives us a faint hope that we might come off with equal success from such an encounter if it should ever take place. There would be a moral satisfaction in either absorbing or putting to flight a comet which would afford a new "experience" that even Goethe might envy. The interest with which we should receive our astronomers' reports of the approach, the emphasis with which the American papers would circulate the latest intelligence as to the details of a crisis which might end in a clean sweep of the globe, can be readily realized. It might be, indeed, that the astronomers would be altogether unable to report progress, for the theory has been advanced by eminent men that the universal fogs of 1783 and 1831, which occasioned so much alarm, were the result of entering the edge of the hazy tail of a comet, which might have suffocated us had we been completely immersed. "The fog of 1783 lasted a month. It began almost on the same day in places very remote from each other. It extended from the North of Africa to Sweden; it occupied, too, a large part of North America, but it did not extend over the sea. It rose above the loftiest mountains. It did not appear to be carried by the wind, and the most abundant rains, the strongest winds, were unable to dissipate it. It gave out a disagreeable odor; was very dry, did not at all affect the hygrometer, and possessed the property of phosphorescence." Here was a clear case for cometary conjecture; and if entrance into the tail of a comet could produce such results, it is quite possible we might be annihilated without the horrors of anticipating our fate, as a blinding fog would dim the telescopic explorers.

A still more exciting suggestion, however, has been gravely discussed—whether an approaching comet may not some day come so near us as to catch away the earth as its

satellite, and carry us with it into the very uncomfortable extremes of heat and cold which these wandering bodies visit. Newton calculated our fate if the comet of 1680 had fetched us away with it towards the sun. He held in that case, on the 8th December, 1680, we should be sustaining a heat two thousand times greater than that of red-hot iron; and that if we could have been acclimatized, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, to this warm temperature, then, by the time we had reached the aphelion of the comet, we should be at the temperature of empty space, that is, one hundred and twenty-two degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, as it is computed. M. Arago, however, entering with zeal into the controversy, rebukes Newton. Doubtless, he says, it would grow very hot on approaching the sun, but "soon all the liquid masses that cover the earth being converted into vapor, will produce thick layers of clouds that will diminish the action of the sun in a proportion impossible to assign numerically." Again, as to the cold and dark period of aphelion, "experience proves that man can sustain degrees of cold from fifty-six to fifty-eight degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, and a heat of two hundred and sixty-six degrees if he is placed in certain hygrometric conditions. There is nothing, therefore, to prove that in the hypothesis that the earth should become the satellite of a comet, the human race must necessarily perish from thermometric changes."

There is a true grandeur in this steady facing of such a destiny. To pass, first, through the very blaze of the sun's fire, and then for a couple of centuries to be losing light and heat till not a ray of either could reach us from it, might not, the astronomers maintain, be fatal to human civilization. It is a magnificent dream; and whatever we may think of the disadvantages of so dreary a journey into a world where our coal and gas would certainly not last us very long unless the supply were replenished during the fiery section of it, the sense that such an event is even one of the possibilities, must continue to lend a good deal of zest to our astronomy, and flavor our comet-gazing with something of practical interest that no mere fireworks could give.

THE GOOD SHIP EUROPE'S ROTTEN
CABLE.

THE good ship *Europe* rides at anchor,
Shoals upon her lee;
Mainsail, topsails, jib, and spanker,
Close-reefed as may be.
Heav'n knows, 'tis no time for running
Free before the wind,
Needs both crew's and pilot's cunning
Holding-ground to find;
While the surf the ear is stunning,
And the shingles grind.

Closer still the shoals environ, —
Watch on deck, take heed!
Pay out cable, hemp and iron, —
Ne'er was direr need!
Revolution's rock to larboard,
Blood-red, waits its prey;
Despotism's cliffs, to starboard,
Iron walls display;
Rides the *Britain*, good ship, harbored
Safe in Freedom's bay!

"Tell us, pilot, what's the cable
Doth the ship retain?
Stout the stuff must be that's able
To abide the strain!
Strands, if hempen, twisted toughly, —
Links, if iron, strong, —
Groaning, grinding, chafing roughly,
As we surge along,
While the breakers' roar falls gruffly
Reef and shoal among?"

Quoth the Pilot, with a shiver,
"Cables! Heaven forfend
We should trust them to deliver
Us from evil end.
On the best-bower, see the rotten
Cable chafe and fray,
From Saint Peter's bark, when gotten,
'Twas good stuff, they say, —
As well trust a thread of cotton
As that rope to-day!"

"Then Saint Peter's bark was tighter
Than our ship, I trow;
By the stern she floated lighter,
Lighter by the bow,
The Apostle he might rig her
Square or fore and aft;
But the good ship *Europe*'s bigger,
Heavier of draught,
Tonnage of a different figure, —
Quite another craft!"

"Once the saint to sea could venture
With a priestly crew,
Now we cancel each indenture
Where a priest's to do.
No more the cross-keys bedizen
As of old, our flag;
At the fore, and main, and mizzen,
Blows another rag,
While Blue Peter we imprison
In the foul-clothes bag!"

"Yet they call Saint Peter's rope here
Europe's stoutest stay!
If it be, Heaven help our hope here
In this rock-girt bay!
For I see its strands a-parting
Slowly one by one;
Everywhere its hemp is starting,
Rotted, rent, undone, —
For our trust in't we are smarting,
As ashore we run!"

"So much for the best-bower tackle,
Truth is good to know,
But let idlers skulk and cackle
In the hold below.
Gallant lads new tackle veer up
From the cable-tier,
Lift sad hearts, — sad faces clear up
With a lusty cheer;
Work, and hope the good ship *Europe*
Still may stay and steer."

—Punch

"OUR BANNER IN THE SKY."

INSCRIBED TO MR. CHURCH.

Look up, look up, my brothers!
Take courage as ye see
Upon the gates of morning,
Our Banner floating free!
Like him of classic story,
The cross-led Constantine,
Behold the heavenly omen,
And "conquer by that sign."
O Banner of the morning,
Lead our victorious way!
O dawn of glorious promise,
The nation waits thy day!
O Banner, and O Morning!
Fair, radiant, fresh, and free;
Henceforth as one glad symbol
Your stars and stripes shall be!
Poor traitor! Thou who dreamest
To trample in the dust
This starry, morning banner,
Our symbol is our trust.
When thou canst quench the day-star,
And pale the Orient's bars,
Then hope that thou canst tarnish
These kindred stripes and stars.

—Evangelist

A MYTH ABOUT THE NIGHTINGALES.

WHAT spirit moves the choring nightingales
To utter forth their notes so rich and clear?
What purport hath their music which prevails
At midnight, thrilling all the silent air?
'Tis said, some weeks before the hen-birds land
Upon our shores, their tuneful mates appear,
And in that space, by hope and sorrow spanned,
Their choicest melodies are ours to hear.
And is it so? For solace till they meet
Do these low calls and answers haunt the grove?
Do these wild voices, round me and above,
Of amorous forethought and condolence treat?
Well may such lay be sweetest of the sweet,
That aims to fill the intervals of love!